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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXIII No. 2132 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC NOVEMBER 30 1940

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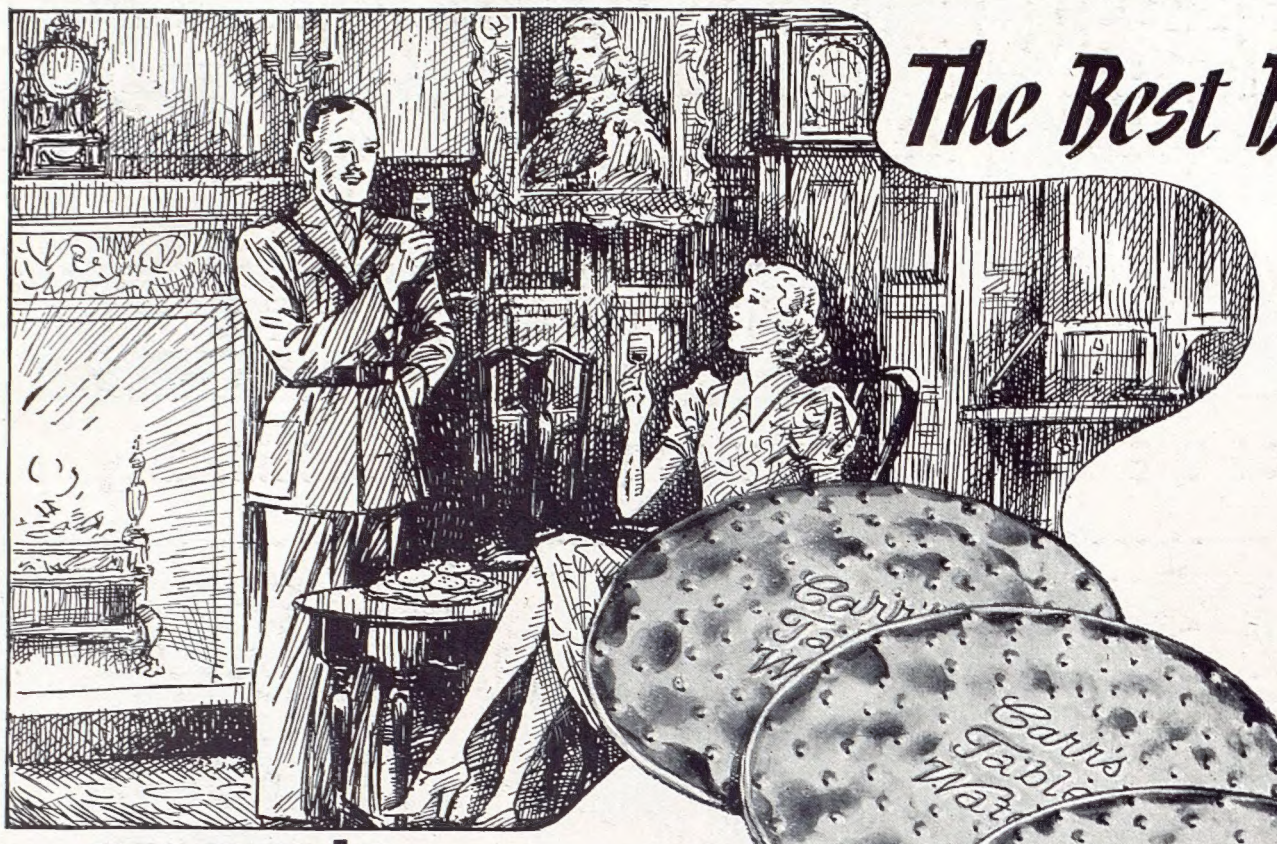

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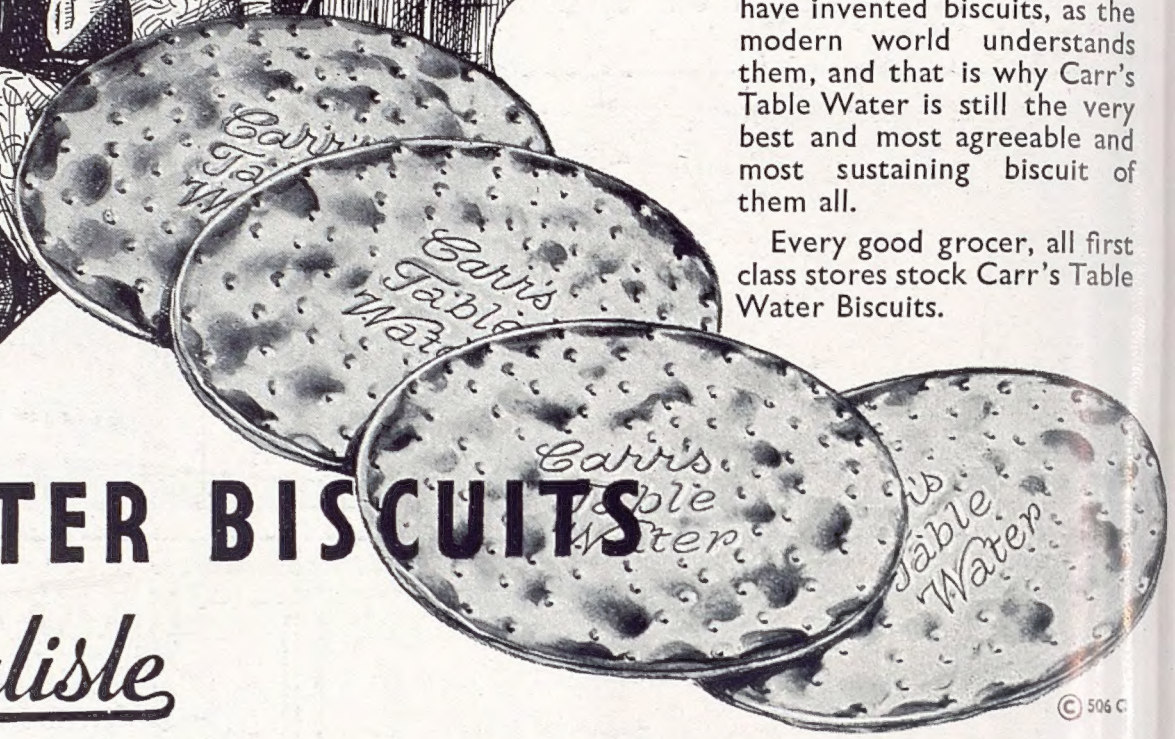

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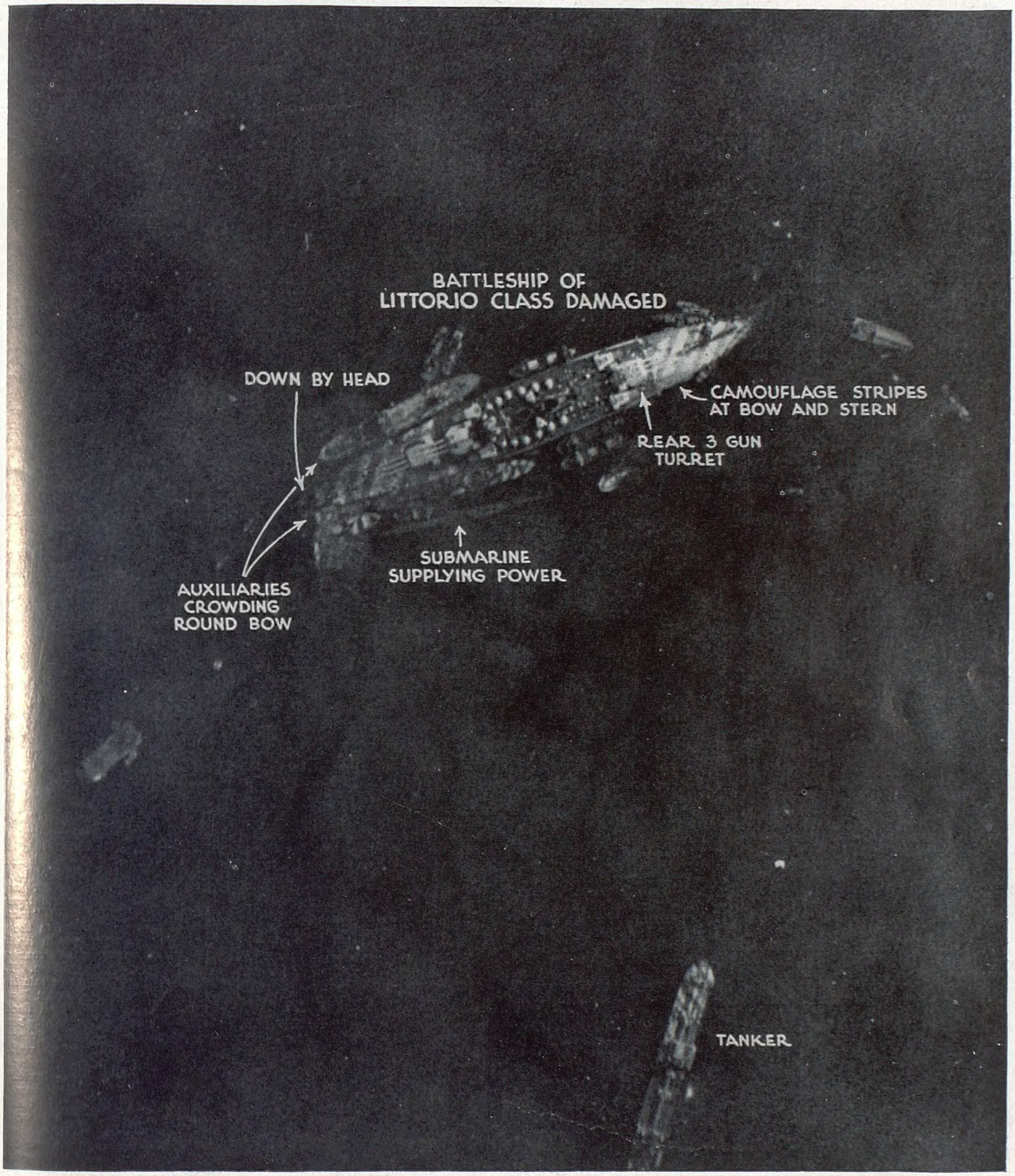
Volume CLXIII No. 2132 The SPHERE, London, November 30, 1940

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, November 30, 1940



THE R.A.F. PICTURES OF TARANTO HARBOUR—THE LITTORIO CLASS BATTLESHIP IN THE OUTER HARBOUR AFTER SHE HAD BEEN CRIPPLED BY THE TORPEDO ATTACK

The pictures for which the world has been waiting were released for publication on Tuesday of this week: there are four in all, and they show without shadow of doubt the grievous damage inflicted on the capital ships of the Italian Navy. Details of how the pictures were taken, and a close examination of what they show, appear on pp. 259–261 of this issue, together with a map-diagram to explain the whole sequence of events. The picture reproduced here shows the 35,000-ton battleship of the Littorio class—thought to be the *Vittorio Veneto*—which was found to be at the position marked 1A on the map reproduced on page 260. After the attack she was moved to the position marked 1B on the same map: she was towed to this spot where, according to the depths marked on the chart, her bows must have been aground in the merchant anchorage in the middle of the Outer Harbour. The bows of the vessel are to the left: her forecastle was no longer submerged, showing that she must have been pumped out, but her stern was only just above water and she still had a marked list. On the starboard (or upper side in the picture) is a tanker, presumably engaged in pumping operations; on the port side is an auxiliary craft engaged in salvage work, and the long, dim shape alongside this auxiliary craft is a submarine probably supplying power in pumping out water from the damaged vessel. The ship is quite unmistakable, her three triple turrets showing up clearly, and there is much discoloration of the surrounding water, suggesting that she is leaking oil fuel and is also being pumped out. At bow and stern the ship's camouflage markings can be clearly seen—no British or German war vessels are camouflaged in this fashion, and it is difficult to see the reason behind the Italian adoption of camouflage for the *Vittorio Veneto*, as her upper works and secondary armament are plainly visible from the air, as, indeed, this picture clearly shows.

(Further pictures on pages 259–261 of this issue)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 65

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

AXIS AND ACTUALITY.—

An Axis is "an imaginary line about which a body rotates, or by revolution about which a plane is conceived as generating a solid sphere." In so far as I comprehend this definition, it seems an adequate description of Hitler's conception. The only non-imaginary feature of Hitler's axis is that it *creaks*. The Italian section of the rotating body creaks horribly. But Hitler and Ribbentrop are delighted with it and the spokes of the wheel are beautifully painted in more and more national colours, and they constantly assert, if they do not believe, that their axis "generates a solid sphere." To what does it lead? One important spoke is held in reserve for the pot of red paint, and meanwhile many others blush with glossy colours. Yet somehow we believe that, when this beautiful Catherine-wheel is completed, Hitler will mount his new "penny-farthing" and pedal it, not in the direction of a new world-order but down the desperate lane to another peace-offensive. The Nazis hammer away at war hard enough, but still they set great store by the paper war. Still they believe that a new world order on paper, beautifully balanced, will go some way towards excusing or concealing the devastation and chaos which their brutal aggression in Europe has brought about for their destruction.

SAVING GRACE.—

Is saving a grace or a vice? No doubt of the right answer in war-time. It is perfectly clear to us moreover that we had attained by 1939 to a degree of silly squandermania or wastefulness which nothing could really justify, having regard to our then economic conditions. I notice that many of my friends and correspondents still use new envelopes and notepaper. Perhaps I have gone too far in the other direction. I receive on an average six letters per day and write as many. I have only used a dozen new envelopes and a quire of notepaper since the Saving Order came into force a year ago. And electric current. Shall we ever return to the foolish practice of burning 40-watt or 50-watt bulbs in passages again? And heating fuels. We never thought to sift our coke or coal refuse when the furnaces and grates were remade. How much power and heat did we throw away in a decade of waste, with fuel prices all the time outrageously high. Not to speak of petrol used on needless journeys; and still to-day that vile and vital commodity is being scandalously wasted (and used, as in the last war, as a car cleaner besides. I have seen it done). As for metal scrap, I am not sufficiently informed to know whether under peace conditions it is economic to save scrap metal for re-use. I do not know if the present order saves both money and vital cargo space, or only the latter. But I know that our countryside would be more comely if scrap metal were saved in peace-time and regularly collected, which of course even now is not the case. I wonder for how long after this war the habit of saving will remain with us.

COVENTRY—AN AFTER-THOUGHT.—

The destruction of Coventry was, I think, accepted in Coventry and in England with a peculiar sense of proportion. No one can deny that Coventry and that vast midland area of industrial cities in Warwickshire are military objectives in the sense that the Rühr is a military objective. Our own blindness has resulted in the grouping of vital industries in congested centres and among works of art and historical value. We are also estopped to a certain extent in bare logic from an argument often employed in the Press: namely, that the effectiveness of our barrage balloon system (e.g. in London) keeps the raider at a height which prevents the accurate bombing of legitimate objectives. In the same breath, we convict the Hun of deliberately bombing a London hospital. It is obvious that if the balloon barrage prevents him from accurately bombing a London power-station, it also prevents him from accurately bombing a hospital. If war was, or could even be, civilised, the raider would go home with his bombs if he failed to get down to bomb accurately his given target or any other legitimate one. But neither war nor the Hun raider pretends to be civilised. It and he are bestial. Coventry is one of those British name places to swear by. It is a name famous in our literature and a part of our language and history. It was a city famous for its churches and spires which have been commemorated by our poets. Of these, St. Michael's, the cathedral church, was one of the finest specimens of the perpendicular architecture in England. It has stood for 600 years and it was left to our generation to devise (and even boast of the discovery at one time!) the means to destroy it. The story of Lady Godiva, the obscure origin of the term "Sent to Coventry," are part of our children's earliest heritage of literature. (The obscure phrase may have originated in the use of Coventry as a prisoners' camp in the Civil War of 1647.) The city, lamentably over-industrialised, had a great store of valuable muniments, ancient monuments and ancient endowed schools and guild-halls.

THE WAR AND THE JOURNALIST.—

So many people write to me on matters arising out of the Newsletter that, in the press of work in war-time, I fail in the ideal I once held before me—to answer all those correspondents who in my view deserve an answer. Most do; some don't. I never reply to those who have obvious private axes to grind. I do not read anonymous letters, but light my pipe with them. I try to answer all helpful letters and to be guided by constructive criticism. But in war-time, apart from the lack of time, even that is often difficult. The journalist has to pick his way so carefully. Thus, I get scores of letters on Home Guard matters, but if I ventilate some of the difficulties which commanders *who have to do the job* experience, I sometimes get a rap over the knuckles from one of the Whitehall schoolmasters who draw up the pretty and elaborate syllabuses. I read in other journals the most elaborate explication of flying strategy and methods, and the technique of bombing and defence, but now and again in the past, when I have commented on these commentaries, I have been tipped the black spot by the sleuths at headquarters. In short, it is very, very difficult to be a journalist in war-time. But I like the profession still, and still passionately value the freedom of the Press as a vital heritage, asset and necessity of our Democracy. If that goes, all the spirit leaks out of the bottle and nothing but the muddy lees remain. To be consistent is an ideal I have long since abandoned. Man was not born to be consistent. I seek no more than to set forth without fear or favour (or too many grammatical or printers' errors) the thoughts and feelings of *one week*. That those reactions may be radically opposed to opinions expressed the previous week, neither surprises nor shocks me. Ministers of the Crown reveal the same frailty day after day. Therefore, it saddens me that any correspondent should have the time and the energy to waste in convicting me of inconsistency.

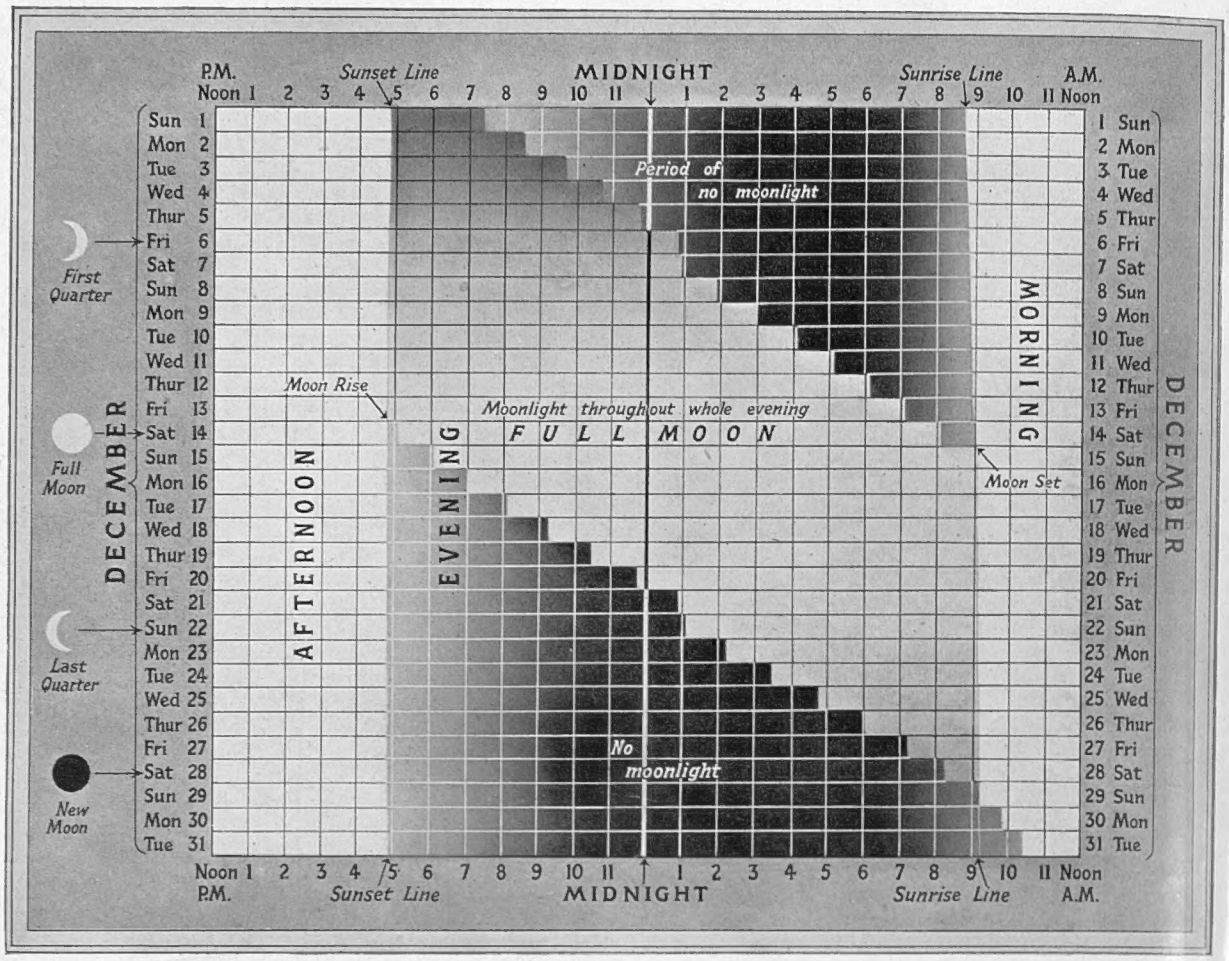
"SUMMER-TIME" IN DECEMBER.—

Once or twice in old days I remember to have suffered about Christmas-time the peculiar discomfort of shaving by artificial light. The experience had a savour of dissoluteness or of adventure. It was "agin nature," and it was a rarity of particularly dark, cloudy, or misty December mornings. But non-stop summer-time makes it henceforth, until mid-January, a daily misfortune with which we must cheerfully cope. Indeed, it goes much farther. The time has come when we must be called in the morning without the accustomed ceremony of drawing back curtains and pulling up the blinds. For the black-out continues long after the household is awake and active. We shall have to breakfast with drawn curtains and some of us will even begin our literary labours of a new day with drawn blinds in the stale atmosphere of last night's tobacco smoke. And this may have a serious effect on the clarity of our journalistic style and logic. But I daresay the reader will not notice the deterioration. We have been writing our stuff for so many months with the blinds figuratively down and in an atmosphere of haze.

RAINFALL—OF PERENNIAL INTEREST.—

We are not allowed to hear of that deep depression over Scandinavia. The weather is news useful to the enemy. When it is ancient history we may still speak of it however, and in the privacy of our gardens we may still perform the countryman's time-honoured routine and "measure the rain gauge." I have in the past decade made many friends in England, Scotland, Wales and Eire in connection with this innocent diversion. There has been a devil of a lot of rain in this sector of Europe in the past 7 weeks and while I watch our local floods, I like to think of those emergency bomber aerodromes in occupied France in which our own Air Force wallowed last winter and which are now proving the boggy grave of many loaded and "returned-empty" Nazi bombers. But back to the rain gauge. In this area of the South from which I write we have a very local and above-average rainfall. It works out at about 39 ins. per year. Up to the end of September we had recorded an abnormally dry year. Only 18.50 ins. had fallen, and of that total only 10 ins. had fallen between April 1 and Sept. 30—six full months. To reach our year's average, we had therefore 20 ins. to make up in the last quarter of the year. Could we do it? Can we do it? I prophesied an average rainfall of at least 5 ins. in each of the last three months. October did pretty well; it produced 4·80 ins. November did much better. By the 18th just under 8½ ins. had fallen, an average daily fall of nearly half-an-inch, is in the department of records. There is much more to come, or I will eat my rain gauge.

THE OLD STAGER



"THE SPHERE" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR DECEMBER: The opening period of the month is heralded by long moonless nights, with the first quarter making its appearance on the 6th. The retention of summer-time throughout the winter will have the effect of shortening the period of darkness before midnight and lengthening it correspondingly in the mornings so that, at the end of the month, the sun does not rise till 9.15 a.m. The longest period of moonlight is on Saturday the 14th when it will rise at about 5.15 p.m. at its full and set at sunrise at about 9 a.m. The Christmas festivities will take place during a period of no moonlight, as on Christmas Eve the waning moon will not make its appearance

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," 32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

The ATTACK on TARANTO HARBOUR

THE R.A.F. PICTURES TAKEN AFTER THE ACTION, WHICH SHOW THE DAMAGE INFLICTED ON THE CAPITAL SHIPS OF THE ITALIAN NAVY BY THE TORPEDOES OF THE FLEET AIR ARM

ON the night of Armistice day, November 11–12, when the Fleet Air Arm attacked the Italian Navy in Taranto Harbour, there was a great concentration of naval units in the harbour, lying snugly at anchor behind a balloon barrage and protected by the guns of the shore batteries. In all, the port gave shelter to the following :

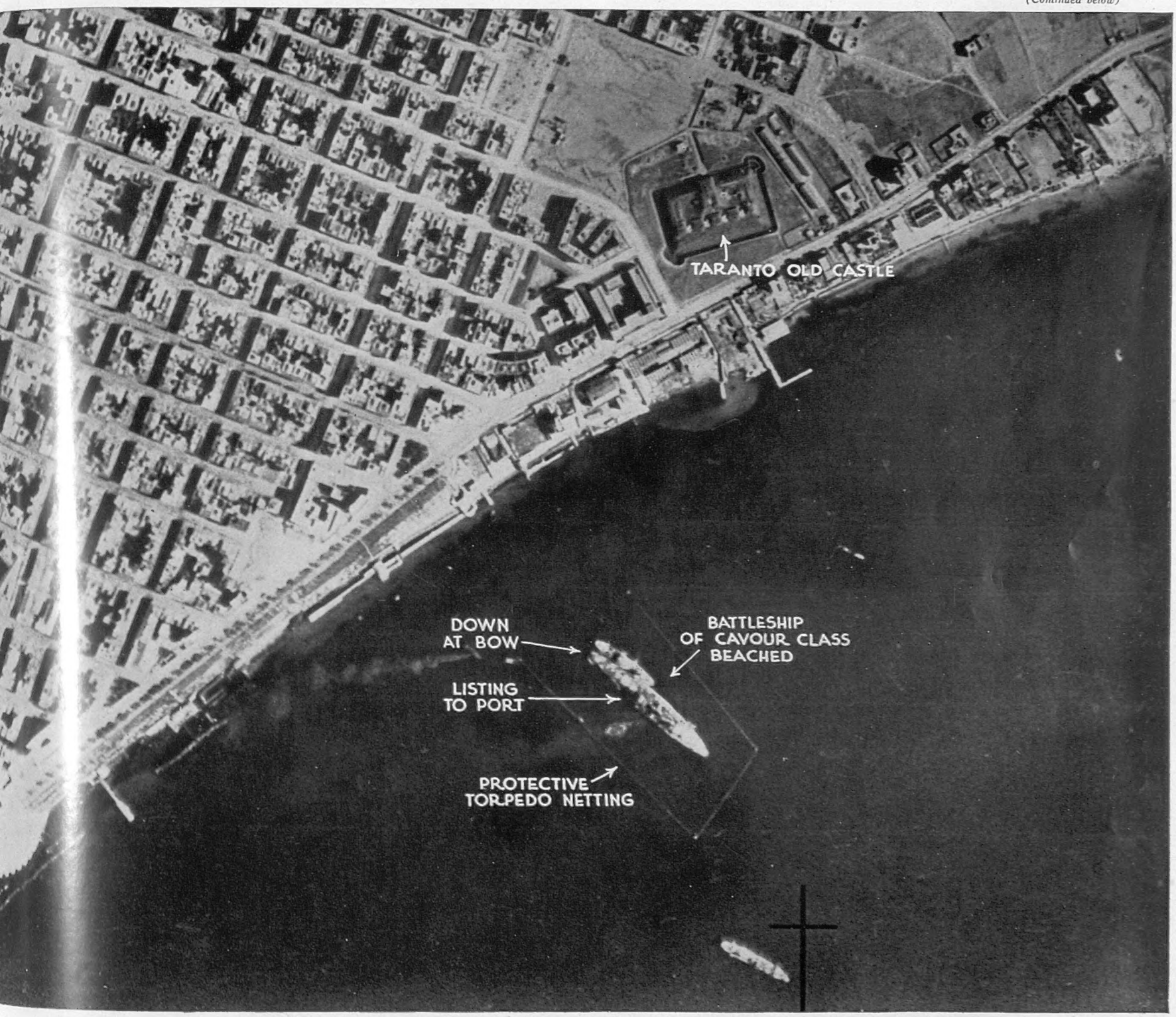
6 Battleships
10 Cruisers
27 Destroyers, and a large number of other craft.

The six battleships were lying in the Outer Harbour : and it was upon these that the principal attack by torpedo-carrying aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm from the carriers *Illustrious* and *Eagle* was made. Since that moment the whole world has anxiously been awaiting the publication of the pictures taken by the R.A.F. to learn the extent of the damage inflicted on the powerful Italian Navy. This publication has now been made ; in this issue of THE SPHERE all the pictures are available for the closest inspection.

The first photographic reconnaissance was made on the day after the raid, little more than twelve hours after the damage had been done. The second reconnaissance was made on November 14. The pictures reproduced here were all taken during the course of this second photographic flight. Damage might be visible during the first few hours after the attack, but that which is still apparent after two or three days is of a more permanent and serious character. The pictures were taken (by the R.A.F.) from a height of only 6,000–8,000 ft. ; imagine enemy bomber-reconnaissance machines attempting to fly at this low height over Portsmouth Harbour a few days after a heavy attack on the British Fleet !

To understand the position in the Outer Harbour at the opening of the attack it is necessary to refer to the

(Continued below)



A DAMAGED BATTLESHIP OF THE CAVOUR CLASS DOWN BY THE BOWS AND BEACHED ON THE NORTH-EAST SHORE OF THE OUTER HARBOUR AT TARANTO WITHIN SIGHT OF THE OLD CASTLE

If reference is made to the map-diagram on the following page, it will be noticed that there is a position marked as 6A. This is where this Cavour class battleship had been lying when the torpedo attack was made: when the R.A.F. picture was taken on November 14 this vessel had been towed to the position given as 6B. She had her bows aground—sure indication of serious damage, for it is not usual to put a vessel aground without very good reason. She is down at the bow (pointing towards the shore) and listing to port: surrounding the vessel an improvised anti-torpedo net has been erected to protect her from possible further attacks whilst in a disabled condition. Alongside forward, a salvage vessel has taken up her position and is working on the crippled battleship

(Continued from above)

map-diagram given on page 260. The three battleships which suffered damage were lying in the positions given as 1A, 2A and 6A ; the undamaged battleships are those lying at positions 3, 4 and 5. After the attack the damaged warships were moved to new positions at 1B, 2B and 6B—to facilitate the work of repair. Again—the vessels can be further particularised as follows : 1 and 4 are Littorio class battleships ; 2, 3, 5 and 6 are of the Cavour class.

In the Inner Harbour, where there was a vast concourse of naval shipping, Nos. 7 and 8 indicate where the two damaged cruisers were lying at the time of the photographic reconnaissance on November 14.

When the torpedo-bombers of the Fleet Air Arm arrived over Taranto they must have been mightily pleased to find their major targets assembled in the wider waters of the Mar Grande, where they would have opportunity for dropping their torpedoes with the proper amount of run and a get-away for themselves. The Mar Grande has during recent times been formed into an enclosed harbour by the construction of a number of moles—these do not figure in existing charts. The brand new Littorio class battleships and the two Cavour class battleships were all grouped together (not in the Inner Harbour as had been at first supposed) behind the supposed safety of the *Diga di Tarantola*.

One Cavour class battleship was opposite some marine jetties outside the main town area ; the second Cavour battleship was seen lying off the town itself. She was subsequently beached close up under the domestic frontage of the city. There were two or three other big vessels in this same section of the harbour, but they were not attacked and the Fleet Air Arm made no claims concerning them.

The dramatic feature of the Outer Harbour when subsequently photographed by the R.A.F. was the lonely situation of the wounded Littorio class battleship which occupied a central position in the Mar Grande, with a number of auxiliaries working feverishly round her, striving to get her compartments pumped out.

(Continued on following page)

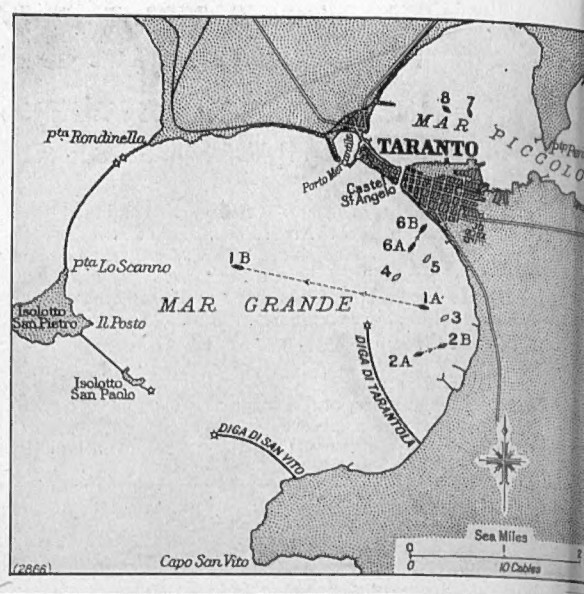
THE ATTACK ON TARANTO HARBOUR

(Continued from preceding page)

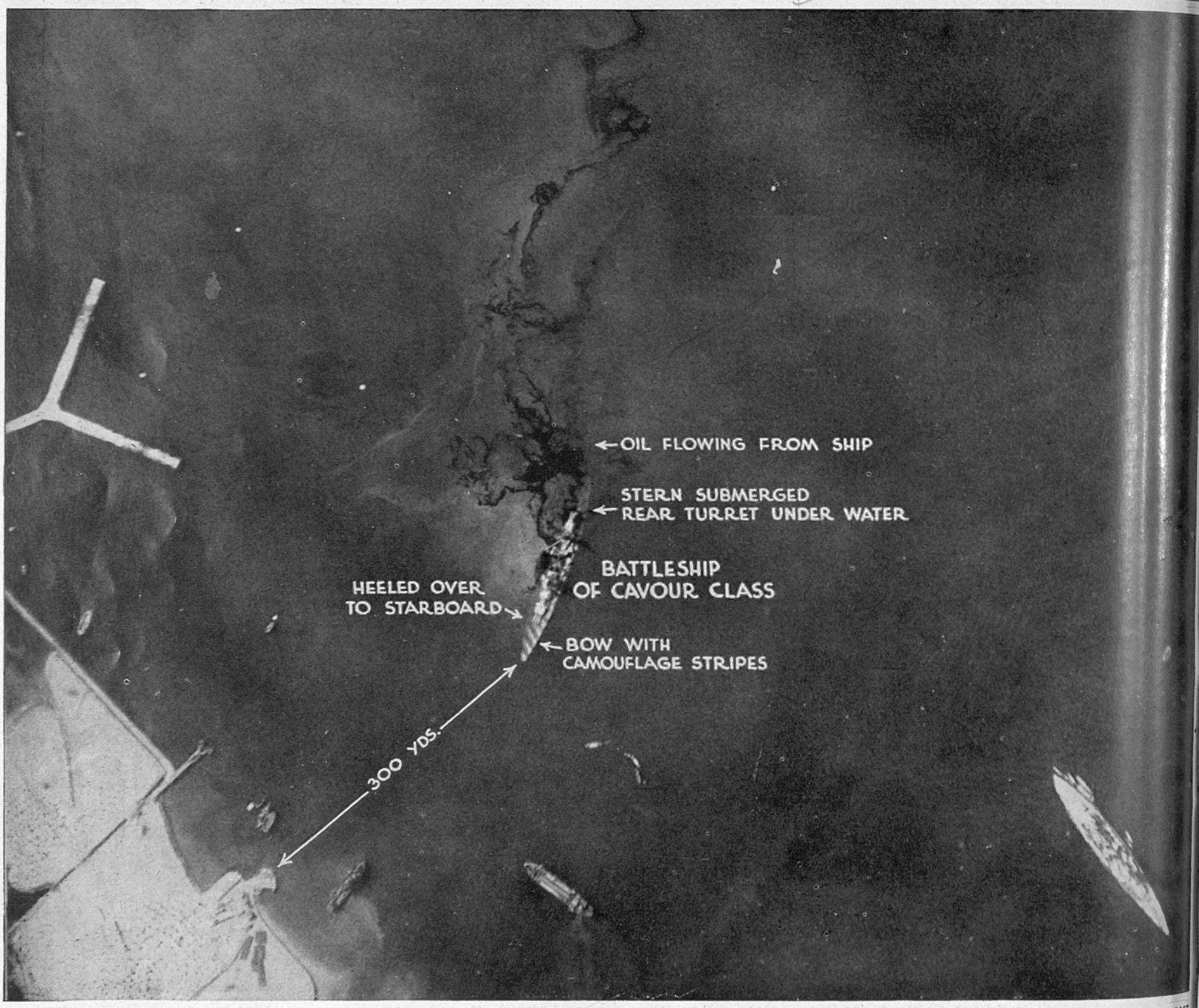
In the Inner Harbour, the Mar Piccolo, there was an astonishing number of cruisers and smaller vessels. The R.A.F. cameras show the two damaged cruisers in this harbour well out towards the centre, evidently in a parlous condition. They were plainly visible in the midst of a large amount of disturbed water and oil. In fact, great curling masses of discoloured water were swirling all round them. One of the cruisers (No. 8 in the map-diagram) was of the Trento class; the other (No. 7) was of the Bolzano class (in fact, the *Bolzano* herself). Drawn up against the jetties on the south side of the Inner Harbour was an astonishing number of other vessels of the Italian Fleet. There were two cruisers of the Condottiere E class, one D class, and another of the Trento class a little farther out in the harbour. Besides these vessels, there were eighteen destroyers, one seaplane-carrier, ten submarines, two depot ships, four torpedo boats, and a crowd of small auxiliaries.

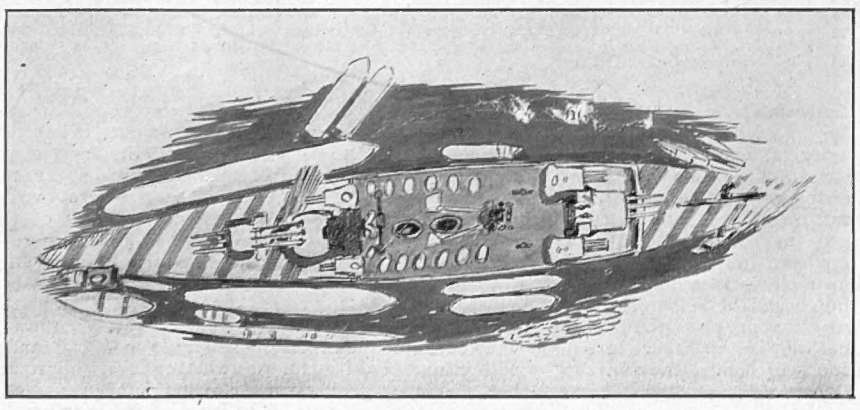
After the terrific onslaught by the Fleet Air Arm, most of the Italian Fleet was withdrawn from Taranto, and dispersed to other bases. The "safety" of the balloon barrage and other defensive measures was no longer trusted! It remains to be seen now what the Italians will attempt in the way of repairs to their battered capital ships; but, whatever they do, whatever successes attend their efforts, it will be many months before the damaged vessels can be made seaworthy again—if at all.

The pictures now broadcast to the world give the lie direct to Mussolini; he declared, it will be remembered, that only one ship was seriously damaged and two slightly damaged. This statement will no longer be believed, even by friends of the Axis, in view of the R.A.F. pictures. In explaining the delay in the publication of these vital documents, it has been pointed out that the "interpretation" is necessarily a thorough process: stereoscopic apparatus has to be employed, and every small point checked up so that almost exact deductions can be made.



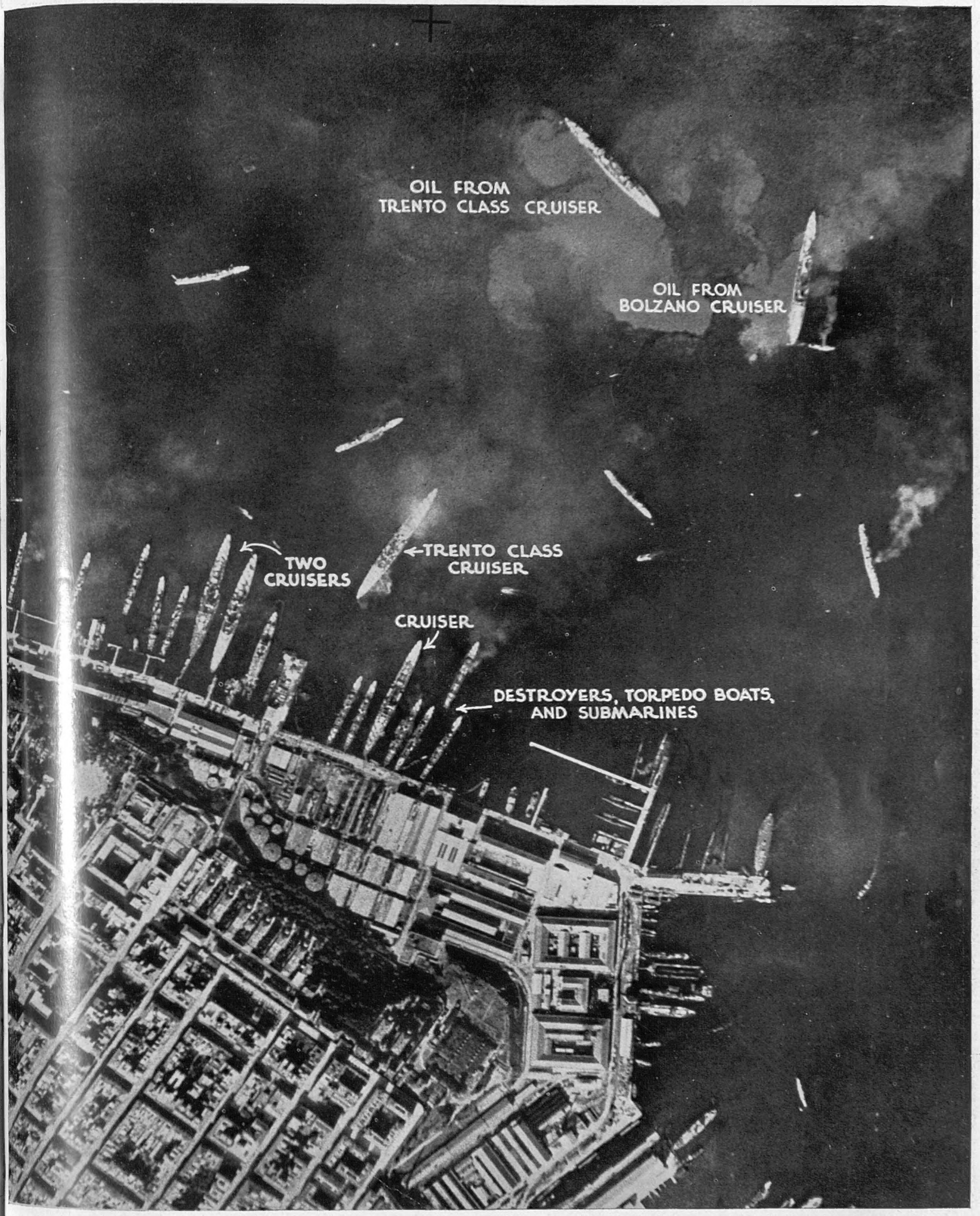
On right—**THE MAP-DIAGRAM WHICH ILLUSTRATES THE POSITION OF THE DAMAGED SHIPS BEFORE AND AFTER THE ATTACK AT TARANTO**





A 23,622-TON BATTLESHIP OF THE CAVOUR CLASS BEACHED ON THE EAST SHORE OF THE OUTER HARBOUR

This battleship is near the Y-shaped jetty just inside the Diga di Tarantola: she was lying at 2A when attacked, but when this picture was taken she had been moved to 2B. She was lying with her bows aground, heeling over to starboard, with the whole of the starboard side of her upper deck just under water: her stern, too, was also under water. Apparently, the vessel was so severely damaged that she had been abandoned, as there is no evidence of activity anywhere near her. The great flow of oil from her side is evidence of the great damage wrought. In the bottom right hand corner is another battleship of the Cavour class, but this vessel does not seem to have been affected in any way, although there is a cluster of auxiliaries around one end of her. The sketch (made by a "Sphere" artist) ***on the left*** shows the appearance from above of the *Vittorio Veneto*—a photograph of which appears on the frontispiece of this issue. Unlike any other vessel in the British or German navies, this battleship has been camouflaged on her stem and stern with vertical stripes. It is a little puzzling to give a reason for this camouflage, as from the air the ship is quite readily recognised and identifiable for what she is

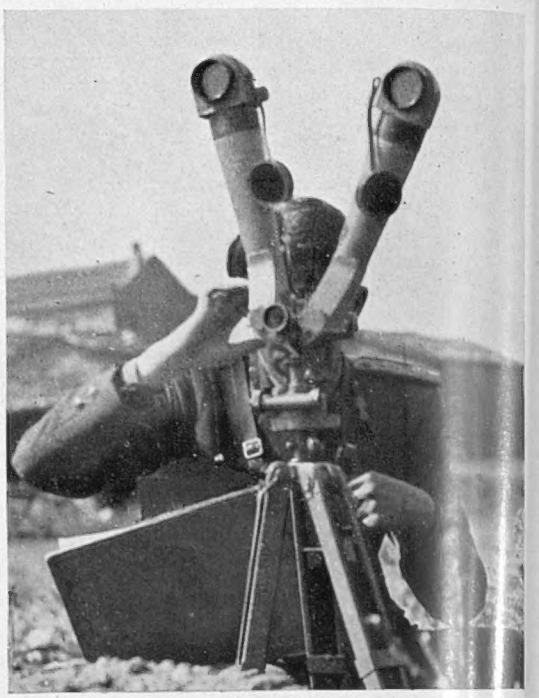


THE SCENE IN THE INNER HARBOUR AT TARANTO AFTER THE BRITISH ATTACK; SHOWING THE TWO DAMAGED CRUISERS OF THE TRENTO CLASS OUT IN MID-HARBOUR, AND OTHER UNITS OF THE ITALIAN NAVY ALONGSIDE THE JETTIES

Unlike the other pictures in this series, this remarkable view was taken in the Inner Harbour at Taranto. When the attack was made the following warships were known to be in the harbour—two Trento class cruisers, one modified Trento class cruiser, two Condottiere E and one Condottiere D cruisers (six cruisers in all); eighteen destroyers; one seaplane-carrier; ten submarines; two depot ships; and four torpedo boats, as well as a host of other auxiliary vessels. The two cruisers seen in this picture are marked in the map-diagram as 7 and 8: when the photograph was taken on November 14 these were still heeled over, and the water round them was discoloured by dense masses of oil fuel. It is apparent that these cruisers were damaged, but as they had apparently not been moved the damage may well have not been serious. The larger ship, lying at the top centre of the picture, is one of the Trento class of 10,000-ton cruisers; on the right of this is the smaller Bolzano cruiser. Almost in the centre of the picture, lying just off the jetty but not secured to it like the remainder of the war vessels, is another ship of the Trento class. The three largest vessels moored at the jetty are cruisers of the Condottiere class. In the foreground is the dockyard quay which runs along the north side of the promontory on which the Harbour of Taranto stands. In describing the pictures reproduced here, Squadron-Leader Riddell, the R.A.F. senior photographic interpreter, explained that "the photographs were examined through a stereoscope, which shows the object in relief. This showed how deep in the water the ships are lying. By the shadows on the side we could tell how far they had heeled over. One thing we learned from the photographs was that after the raid a large part of what remained of the Italian Fleet, three battleships, eight cruisers, and nine destroyers, left Taranto hurriedly for a place of greater safety." To take these pictures ordinary Service-type cameras were used. So that they might secure as many pictures as possible for the experts to examine, the pilots of the bomber-reconnaissance planes made many runs over their objective

THE R.A.F. HAVE CONTINUED TO HARASS THE ENEMY BASES, BOTH AT PORTS AND INLAND HEADQUARTERS: Above is the harbour of Durazzo, where at the week-end R.A.F. bombers knocked out a 10,000-ton ship in the harbour and severely damaged another. Other bombs fell on the dock itself and adjacent shipping and among numerous barges, one of which was blown clean into the air

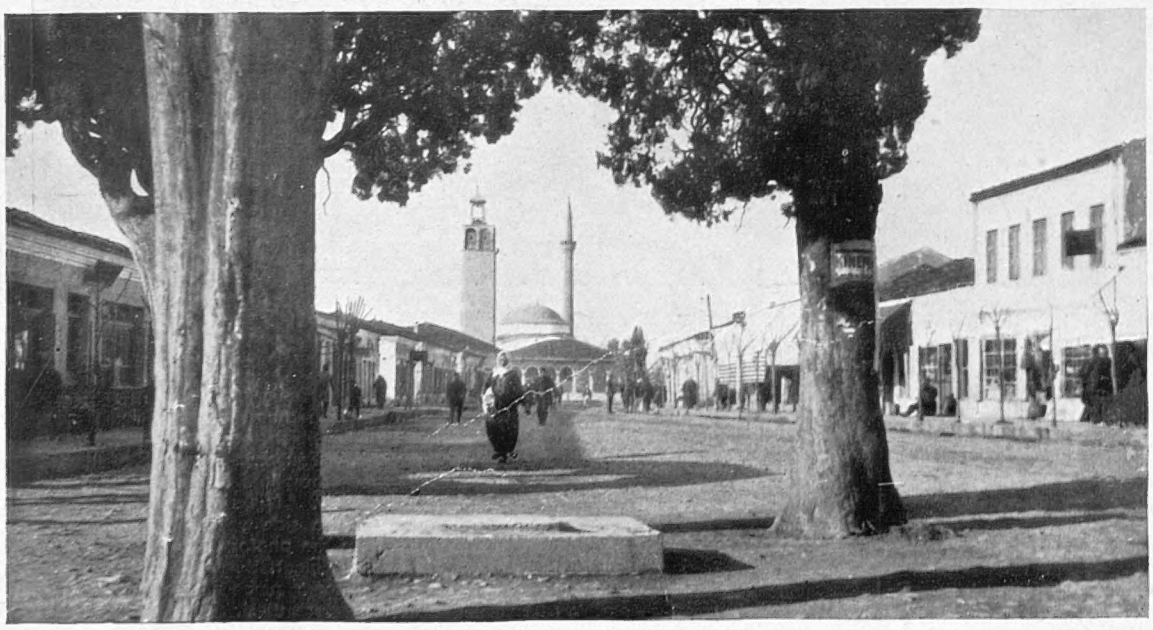
"WE CAME TOWARD THE FRONTIER OVER A MOUNTAIN RANGE WHICH WOULD HAVE CAUSED EVEN NAPOLEON TO PAUSE": So writes the first British correspondent to follow the advancing Greek troops to the Albanian frontier. Above is an actual section of the mountain frontier in the Epirus sector. Snow should be falling on all the high peaks in a few days' time



THE GREEK ARMY HAS BEEN PUSHING FORWARD ON ALL FRONTS: The morale of the Greek Army during the past week-end was rapidly rising to a state of exaltation recalling the days of the Persian wars

THE ROADS OF ALBANIA, EVEN WHEN GRADED, WILL PRODUCE DIFFICULTIES WHEN THE WINTER RAINBURSTS DESCEND: With the coming of December, the prospects of troops in retreat through a hostile country only recently invaded is bound to be physically stressful and possibly disastrous in a military sense. Coupled with this is the menace from the air on exposed roads

ALL THE GREEKS WERE LAUGHING WITH JOY AND THE ARMY SHOUTING FOR VICTORY: The scene recounted by correspondents who have watched the Greek troops climbing up the passes and crossing the frontier into Albania in pursuit of the retreating Italians shows that the Greek Army if well directed should be able to carry any position they may be called upon to take. Support from the air will allow of this personal courage getting its proper reward as in the olden days of fighting



TIRANA, THE CAPITAL OF ALBANIA, MAY BE A VITAL POINT IN AN ITALIAN DEFENCE LINE: Tirana may be a central feature of an Italian stand if the circumstances of war and the weather so permit. In the meantime, the city, an older Muhammadan portion of which is shown above, has been bombed by the R.A.F., a fact which must be hindering the defence preparations

THE RETREAT OF THE ITALIAN ARMY BEFORE THE VICTORIOUS GREEKS

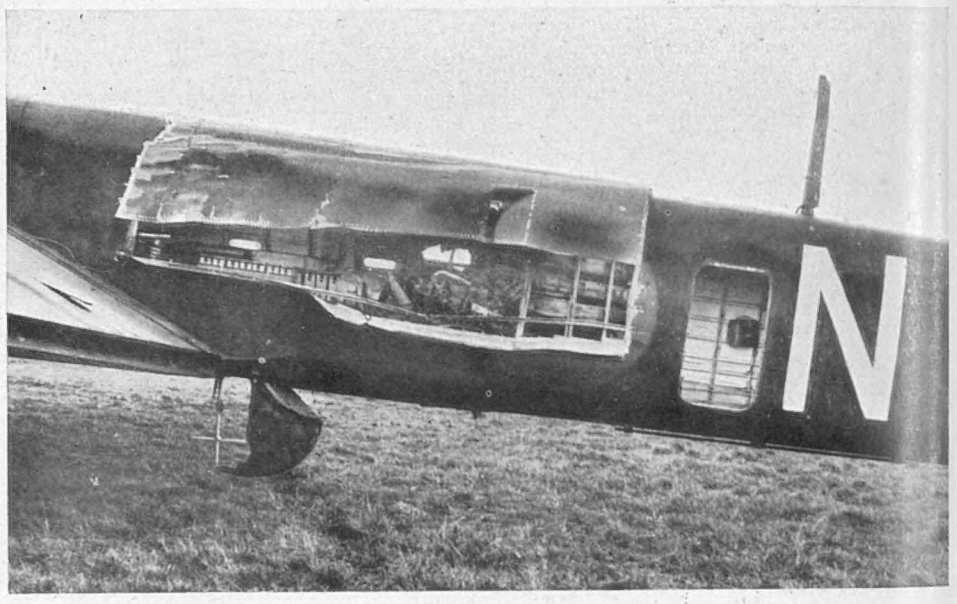
Special "Sphere" map

THE SIX POINTS AT WHICH THE GREEKS HAVE FORCED BACK THE ITALIAN ATTACK AND CONVERTED IT INTO AN ENEMY RETREAT

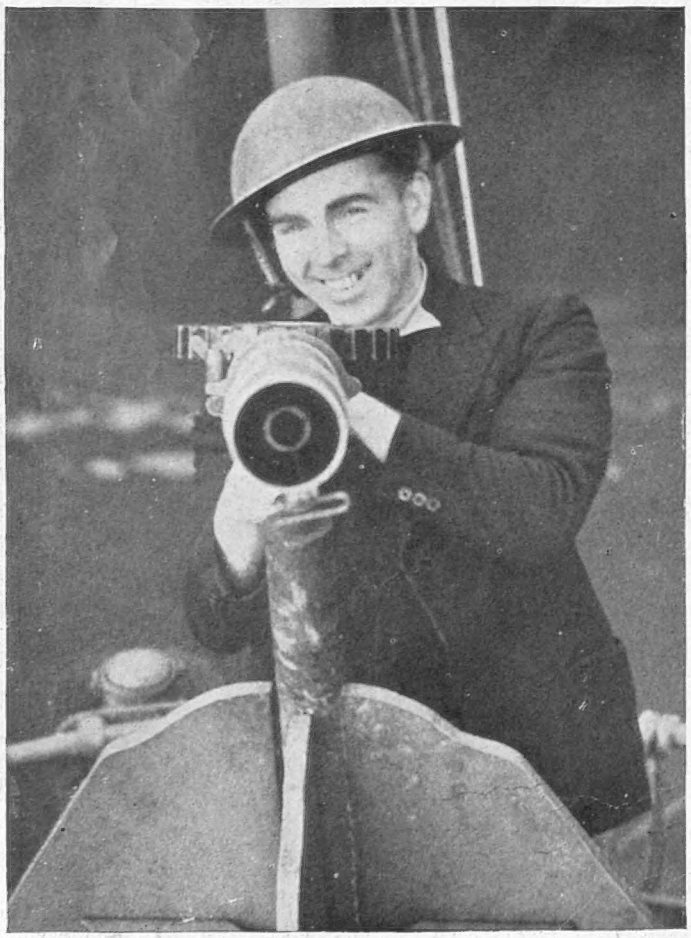
The fall of Koritza at the end of last week marked a definite victory for the Greeks; the Italian advanced G.H.Q. was vacated by the enemy with loss of 1,500 officers and men, numbers of tanks, guns, and impedimenta, some of which is now being used by the Greeks (using ammunition captured in Libya by the British force there). A further advance to Pogradets, close to Lake Ochrida, was made up the road to Elbasan. Moscopole, a position 12 miles to the west of Koritza, was also occupied. One big motor road out of Koritza unfortunately led along the frontier and proved to be covered by Greek artillery fire. Some enemy forces may be trapped here, for the Greeks have attacked at Ersek, Leskovik, and at the junction of the frontier road with the Premeti road. The enemy appears to be retreating via Premeti towards Tepeleni, while Greek troops have been endeavouring to get along the south road to the same place via Argyrocastro, but the weather may hamper both sides. The Greeks, however, have on their side wild enthusiasm, which will keep their blood warm, and the peasantry are friendly and will assist with food, whereas exactly the opposite conditions are likely to affect the retreating Italian forces. To the south, Konispol, near the sea, has been taken by the Greeks. All the six lines of Greek advance are indicated by big arrows. Immense reinforcements of Italian troops have been suggested by Marshal Badoglio, previously in command in Abyssinia, who has been paying a visit to the Italian forces in Albania, but how they are to arrive safely after the damage to the Italian Fleet at Taranto it is difficult to see. What the R.A.F. is doing to impede the retreat can be gauged from the following communiqué issued in Athens: "Important military stores and a large motor transport column were successfully attacked in the Tepeleni area. Three separate motor transport and mule columns being rushed to the relief of the hard-pressed enemy forces north of Koritza were thrown into complete confusion by a low level attack carried out by our aircraft. When our aircraft left, vehicles were on fire, lorries had been overturned and the mules had stampeded. All these operations were carried out in unfavourable weather—low clouds, rain, and ice-forming conditions. All our aircraft returned safely."

BEFORE THE ATTACK ON TARANTO: It will be remembered that before the actual attack on the Italian Navy by torpedo-dropping aircraft, bombers of the Fleet Air Arm flew over the harbour and concentrated on the battleships and cruisers before making way for the torpedo-carrying Swordfish, to whom they then acted as fighter escorts. Here is the scene on the deck of an aircraft-carrier in the Mediterranean with preparations going ahead for the Taranto attack. The bombs seen in the above picture and in that on the left are ready for loading into the aircraft which formed the first wave of attackers

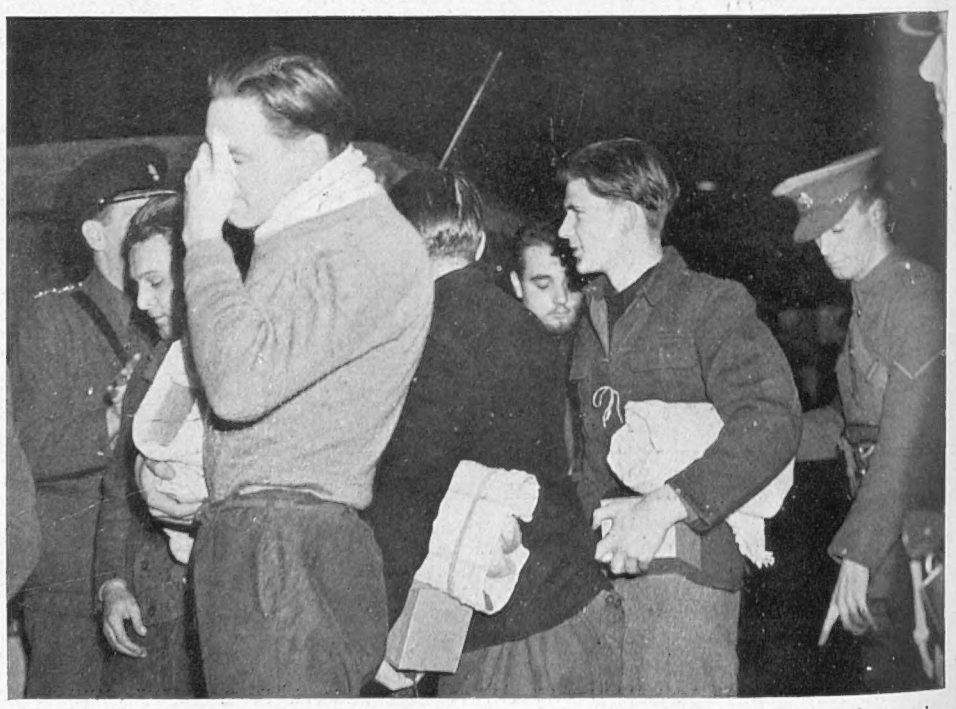
BEFORE THE FLIGHT OVER TARANTO: A sailor on an aircraft-carrier fitting special holders to the bombs before loading them into the attacking aircraft which preceded the torpedo-dropping planes



AFTER AN EXPLOSION IN A BRITISH BOMBER: This heavy bomber was over its target in Germany when it was hit by a splinter from an anti-aircraft shell which penetrated the fuselage and exploded a large flare within. The explosion of the latter caused the damage shown here. That the pilot brought his aircraft home safely in spite of the very considerable damage is a fine tribute to his skill as well as to the quality of British aircraft



THE BOSUN WHO BROUGHT DOWN A HEINKEL: A tiny tramp steamer, while proceeding in convoy in the North Sea, was swooped upon by a Heinkel III, which sprayed the decks with a murderous hail of machine-gun bullets. But the anti-aircraft gunner, Bosun John Sundin, stuck to his post: holding his fire until the Heinkel was exactly right, he loosed off all forty-seven bullets in his Lewis gun magazine. The bomber shuddered, turned, and with smoke and flame pouring from the fuselage, staggered back out to sea, gradually dropping to the water



THE MEN WHO SANK THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN" ARE NOW PRISONERS: After the sinking of the big British vessel, the submarine which performed this feat was herself destroyed and her crew taken prisoners. This picture was taken as the German crew passed through London on their way to a British internment camp

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THE PIPERS WAFT SCOTTISH AIRS OVER THE BLUE WATERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

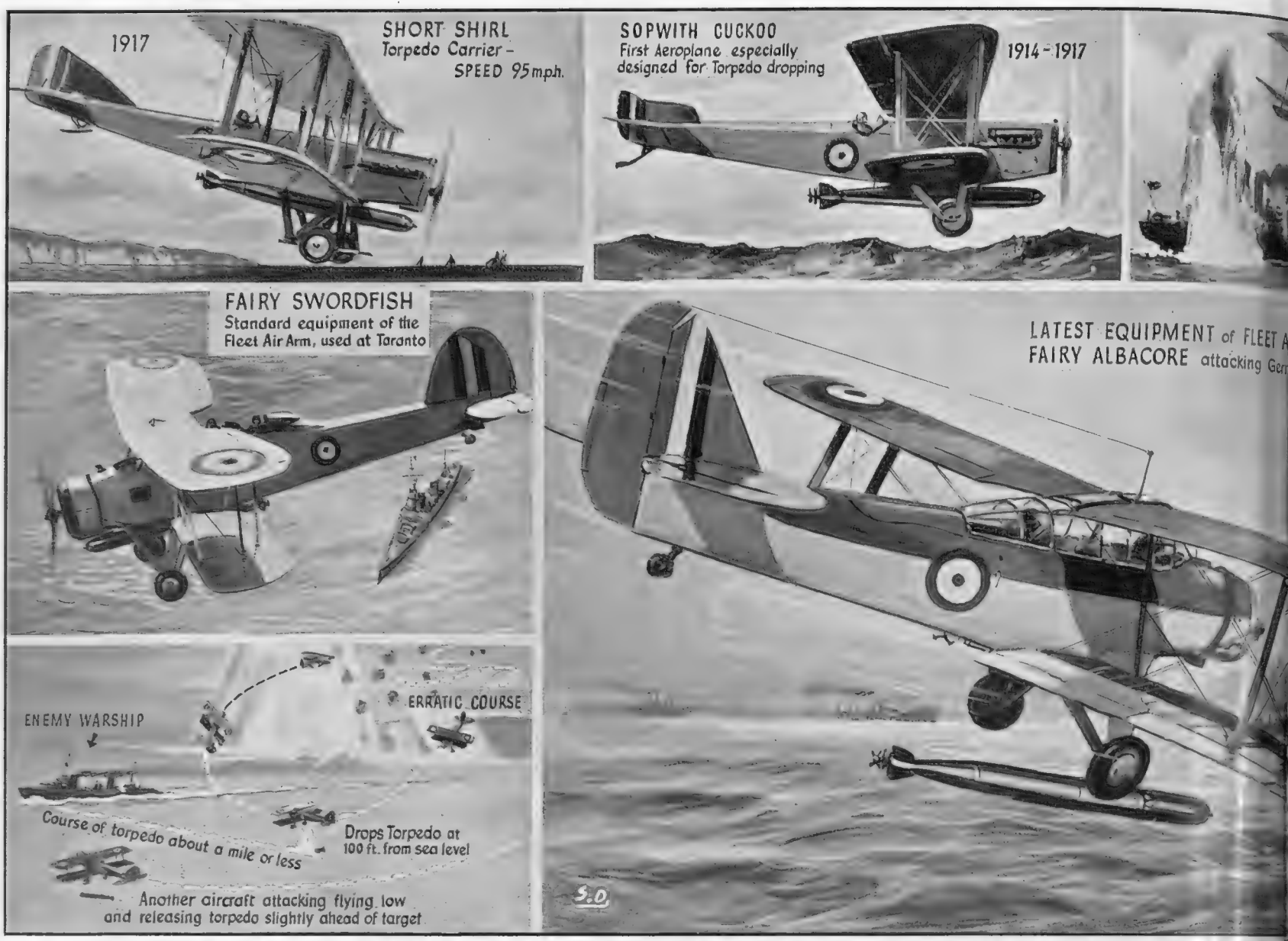
As part of an entertainment on board a big warship, the pipers of the Black Watch are skirling away, with the drums and fifes behind them. It looks as if the whole ship's complement are in attendance—there is no point of vantage anywhere to be seen which is not crowded to capacity. The big uncluttered decks of the warship permit of a musical parade of this kind—it would, incidentally, be impossible on most of the Italian ships, so crowded with anti-aircraft guns and what-nots are they

distance and the three planes return to their mother ship. Such is the aid which an aircraft-carrier can now give to a squadron of vessels patrolling an enclosed sea. Their presence has made a world of difference.

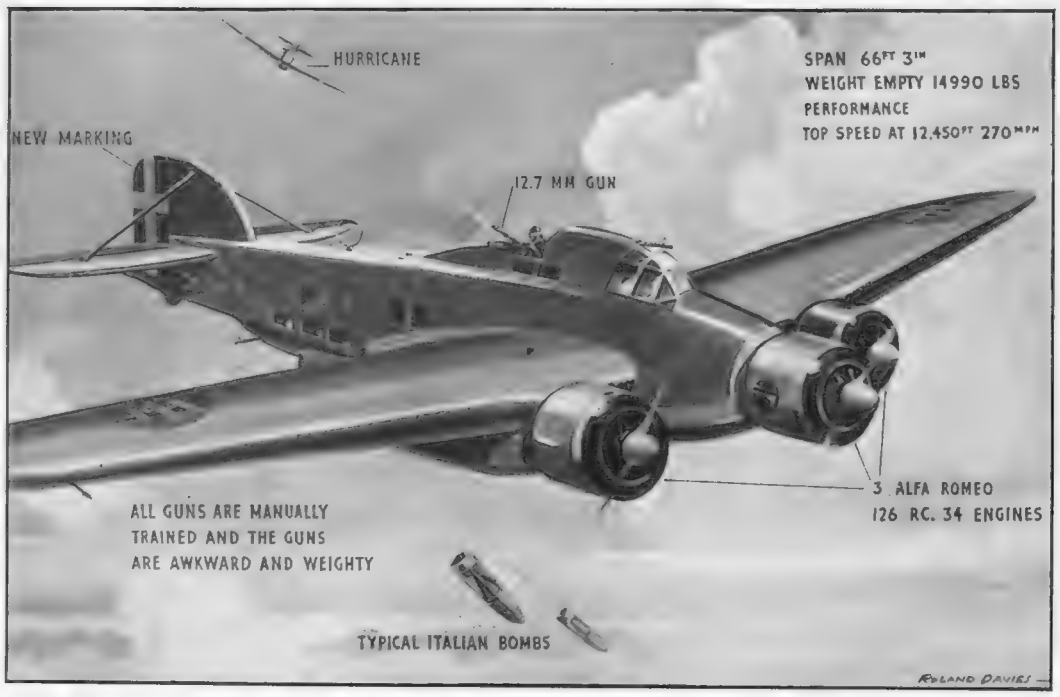
Sometimes there seems to be a real chance that the enemy will fight. Then men sleep through the night at their battle stations and officers stare watchfully out to sea. But the dawn hour comes and all is as before. "On the bridge of our destroyer (which was acting as a screen against submarine attack) young officers, bare-headed and bare-legged, with shirts open at the neck, constantly alert, were keeping the ship in its proper screen position. Steering a zig-zag course, they watched the flotilla-leader's slightest move, our swift, throbbing destroyer slicing through the calm sea at 28 knots. In a shady spot, just under a torpedo tube, the ship's kitten was sleeping." And so back to Gib., Alexandria or wherever the home rendezvous happens to be.

THE SCENE IN THE WARDROOM ON BOARD A BIG BRITISH VESSEL IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

Day after day these officers assemble in the wardroom after the daily patrol of the Mediterranean waters. They do not often get a sight of the enemy, and then there is not very much in the way of action in the open, for the enemy does not underestimate the protection of shore guns. But there are occasional alarums from enemy submarines and this will result in a quick change of course which will be evident to all on board. The depth-charges dropped near the hunted submarine will produce the odd but now familiar sound of a hammer blow on the warship's side



THE LATEST METHOD OF ATTACK FROM THE AIR, AND HOW IT HAS DEVELOPED SINCE THE LAST WAR: THE TORPEDO-CARRYING PLANES OF TO-DAY (USED IN
FROM THE AIRCRAFT FIRST BUILT BY SHORT BROTHERS IN 1917. THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE TYPE, CULMINATING IN



THE PRINCIPAL ITALIAN BOMBER — THE SAVOIA MARCHETTI SM79, AND ITS CHARACTERISTICS

ITALIAN FIGHTERS AND BOMBERS

Now that Mussolini has "applied for and received permission" from Hitler to participate in the air assault on Britain, it might be profitable to examine some of the types which Italy is using for this task. In a general way it may be said that Italian aircraft fall short of the requirements for modern warfare; the majority of them are slow, inadequately armed, and vulnerable in construction. The Savoia Marchetti bomber was used by the Italians in Spain: in the absence of any effective opposition there, it met with great success. *But* this big three-engined aircraft has a welded-tube structure, partly covered with plywood and fabric, and consequently offers little protection against anti-aircraft guns or against the machine-gun bullets of opposing aircraft. It can carry a crew of four and just over a ton of bombs; its speed when cruising is 240 to 250 m.p.h., and its maximum for short periods at a time is 295 m.p.h. The Fiat CR42 fighters are even poorer aircraft, as indeed their performance during their first appearance over Britain demonstrated! This is a biplane with fixed undercarriage — both anachronisms in fighter aircraft. Again, the plane is of welded tube construction, partly covered with metal panels and fabric. Its maximum speed of 270 m.p.h. compares most unfavourably with the 340 m.p.h. of the Hurricane and the 360 m.p.h. of the Spitfire. In aerial combat an aircraft of this type would not stand a chance against the eight machine-guns of our own well-armed aeroplanes. The Fiat G50 is a somewhat better aircraft; it is a monoplane to begin with, and it has four machine-guns, two in the top deck of the fuselage firing through the airscrew, and two in the wings. Its speed is 299 m.p.h. as maximum, with a cruising speed of only 261 m.p.h. How vulnerable Italian fighters are is shown by their first day over the British coast. According to all the Italian planes brought down here, the old tricolour markings have now been replaced by the cross shown in the two accompanying drawings.

After long years of discouragement the torpedo-dropper has at last come into its own as a result of the highly successful attack on the Italian Navy in Taranto Harbour.

The history of this branch of the Service goes back to the last war when Short Brothers, since become famous as the builders of the biggest and finest flying boats of to-day, constructed the famous "225," in which Commander Edmonds torpedoed Turkish transport in the Sea of Marmora; this aircraft had a speed of 70 m.p.h., whilst the Short Shirl, a similar aircraft, had a speed only slightly greater.

In the years preceding the present war a considerable amount of development had taken place in connection with this subject — principally by the Fairey Company. The Swordfish, built by this great concern, is now standard equipment throughout the Fleet Air Arm; this, and the later Albacore, can be taken as the principal aircraft in use for torpedo-dropping in the British Navy to-day. Concerning the Albacore very little information is available for

THE PRINCIPAL ITALIAN FIGHTERS—THE SINGLE-SEATER FIAT
AGAINST THIS COUNTRY) AND THE MORE MODERN

Drawings by S. Drigin

HE ATTACK ON TARANTO HARBOUR) DERIVE HE NEW FAIREY "ALBACORE"

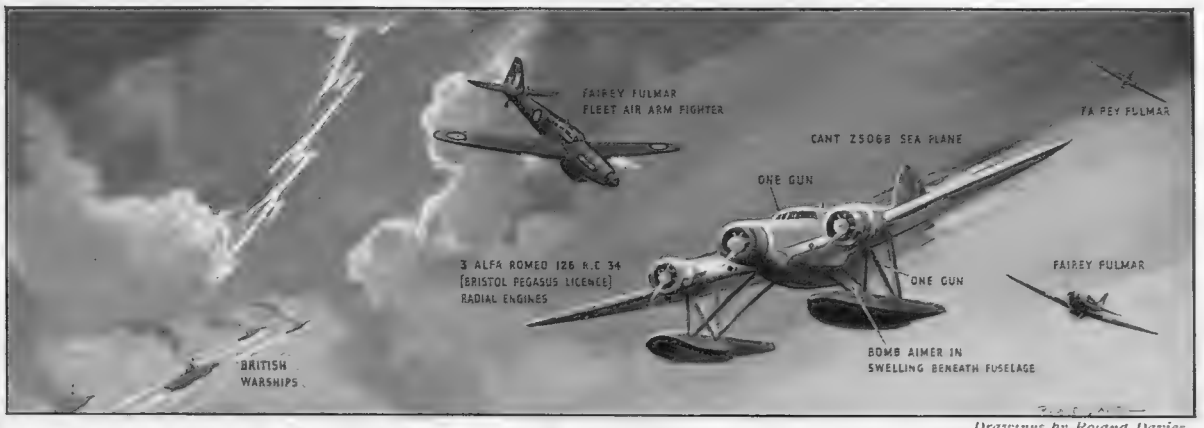
publication as many of its details a still secret. The Swordfish as accommodation for a crew of two or three; it is a biplane, fit with one 655-690 h.p. Bristol engine, and with a speed of 15 m.p.h. It carries an 18-in. torpedo slung under the fuselage.

When coming in to the attack the torpedo-carrying plane follows an erratic course, to frustrate the anti-aircraft barrage; when within a mile of its target it swoops down to a height of from 50 to 100 ft. before releasing its missile, and then—freed of its heavy load—banks steeply upwards and away.

R42 (WHICH HAS BEEN USED YPE OF FIAT, THE G50

The DEVELOPMENT of the TORPEDO-DROPPER

And Other Phases of the War in the Air, Illustrated by "The Sphere's" Diagrammatic Artists in Special Drawings



Drawings by Roland Davies

THE AIR WAR IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—THE APPEARANCE OF ITALIAN "SHADOWERS"

if we were dealing with the aerial struggle around Britain, this Italian plane would be described as on reconnaissance duties, but in the Mediterranean it has been dubbed a "shadower." Reconnaissance usually implies an attack to come later, but with the Italians, attack has not yet followed any of their aerial reconnaissances; hence their planes have been described by correspondents with the Mediterranean Fleet as just "shadowers." For this work the Cant Z506B has been employed: this is a bomber developed from an Italian 12-seater commercial seaplane. It has three engines built by Alfa Romeo, but really they are British "Pegasus" engines, for whose manufacture the Bristol Company gave a licence to the Italians. The Cant has a swelling of the fuselage below the wings to accommodate a prone bombing position and internal stowage for bombs. Its maximum speed is 242 m.p.h., which according to modern standards is not great, nor is its wooden framework with plywood covering considered very helpful in modern warfare

NEMESIS OVERTAKES THE ITALIAN PLANES TRYING TO "SHADOW" THE BRITISH FLEET IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

The two incidents recorded here occurred during the 3,500 miles sweep of the Mediterranean by the British Battle Fleet which preceded the attack on Taranto Harbour. It was during the third day at sea that the Cant "shadowers" were first observed by the Fleet Air Arm: the first specimen was quickly disposed of. The next day another "shadower" was brought down by fighters; and then, *three* were brought down before lunch! "Of the first two we had only a distant glimpse as they fell like balls of fire from the sky. But the third 'shadower' provided a thrilling spectacle," read one report. "I watched three fighters chase the 'shadower' across the sky until it found refuge in a dense cloud. All four planes entered the cloud together, and a sudden hush fell upon the watchers on deck. A ball of flame suddenly burst from the centre of the cloud, and a tremendous cheer rose from the men on deck as the 'shadower' plunged headlong into the sea"

Drawing by Roland Davies

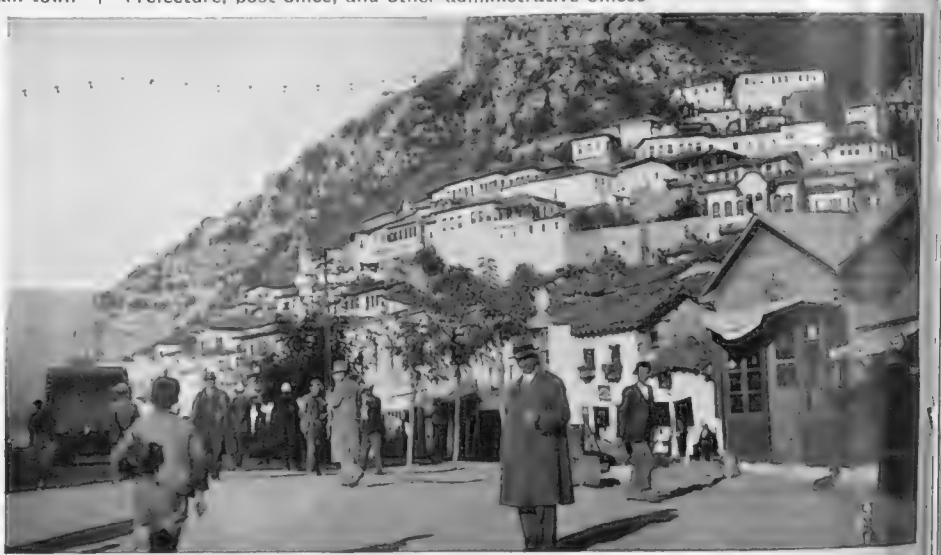
AN IMPORTANT PROBLEM FOR FIGHTER PILOTS—THE DAMPING OF EXHAUST GLARE AT NIGHT

Without proper attention from the aircraft designer, the exhaust flames of a fighter aeroplane can seriously dazzle the pilot and may lead to disaster during night operations. In the upper left-hand corner the position of the exhausts on a British aircraft is indicated; the right-hand drawing shows how British and German designers have tackled the problem. In the case of the British plane a shield near the windscreen protects the pilot from glare, and in the case of the German plane the exhaust is much lower. Not only is the exhaust glare a nuisance to the pilot, but it can also expose the whereabouts of a low-flying machine to the ground defences. The lower picture shows the two flickering lights that warn the machine-gun crew that a twin-engined machine is overhead

THE FORTRESS-CROWNED TOWN OF BERAT, ON THE RIVER BERATINO—THE CENTRAL DISTRIBUTING POINT OF ALBANIA

As one approaches Berat from the north (that is, from the background of this view) the ancient fortress appears perched high on a pointed hill. The road crosses a plain, passes over the stream of the Beratino and enters the town at the foot of the spur seen on the right of the bridge which is of ancient design. The citadel or castle on the top of the hill now encloses a small town, as seen in the view below. The main town of Berat is on the river level, with intervening terraces of houses which climb the steeper hill on which the citadel is perched. Edward Lear, one of the clever recorders of the picturesque in the Victorian era, wrote: "Approaching the capital of Central Albania—a place I had so longed to see—every step leads into grander scenes. The high form of Tomahrit, here seen from end to end, is the principal feature throughout." It is the big mass seen behind the castle hill. Mosques and houses cluster by the river, and on the left hand, where the main road passes to the south, is a small and very new extension of the Muhammadan town containing the Prefecture, post office, and other administrative offices

THE ANCIENT FORTRESS TOWN OF BERAT: This strange little town is packed tightly within the castle and city walls, and occupies the summit of the hill. There are no mosques, but many churches among the buildings of this odd town. The fort is in a ruined condition but from its position looking down on the city with its minarets below, cannot fail to appeal from the point of view of the picturesque



AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL WHICH DOMINATES BERAT: The terraces of houses gleam white against the rock mass behind; the rectangular blocks are pierced here and there by the slender minarets of a Muhammadan town. In the evenings groups of the older men sit and enjoy the sunset which lights up the hills of the Beratino gorge and of the mountains bordering the plain

STRAW HUTS OF CENTRAL ALBANIA USED BY PEASANTS AND SOMETIMES BY FRONTIER SENTRIES: Although modernised in parts by previous Administrations and lately by the road-building activities of the Italians, the greater part of Albania remains primitive in its mode of life and in its means of communication

A MIST of flame, old "Father Tomor," the highest mountain of Southern Albania, looks down through his dawn glory on to the work of man.

Berat's triple personality crawls from the river bed. At the water's edge lies the Muhammadan town, a neat design of red-brown roofs and green gardens pierced by many minarets; higher up, the broad, shoddy streets of a typical Balkan town merge higher still into the steep, cobbled streets where whitewashed cottages, minarets, and churches lean confidentially together. The cottages become greyer as they creep upwards until they reach the chunky greyness of the wall which encloses the citadel like a crazy battered crown; within this stronghold there are no minarets, though a hundred or more churches must be crammed between the tiny streets. From the crest of the hill, where the castle ruins are mostly overgrown with prickly turf, one realises the secrecy that surrounds this lonely mountain fastness.

Below is the river, and across it ranges of mountains slope beyond their peaks to the littoral plain. Behind, the miles of ever-steeper mountains which constitute the highlands of Southern Albania are enclosed, roughly speaking, within the triangle of the towns of Berat, Koritsa, and Argyrocastro.

Structurally Argyrocastro is not unlike Berat; it too climbs sprawling up the three steep fingers of an isthmus from the river bed towards its crowning citadel. Here, too, are the ruins of massive architecture, the remains of the gigantic aqueduct designed by Ali Pasha to bring water from the river. But here the whitewashed villas, decorated by mural paintings, give a sense of gaiety and well-being that belong to no other Albanian town, though on closer investigation this gaiety is found to be crumbling without hope of repair or renewal. Argyrocastro is still rightly the pride of Southern Albanians.

Within the triangle the mountains are lonely and often impassable. From the scattered villages in the valleys the men climb upwards in the summer months to graze their sheep. Apart from their small encampments of huts made from mud or dried grass there is no life here. These shepherds live on moss or soured sheep's milk and on coarse bread made of maize often studded with the whole grain,

THE MOUNTAIN TRIANGLE OF SOUTH ALBANIA

The Difficult and Rocky Terrain in Which Italy Launched Her Winter Campaign Against the Greeks: Specially Described and Illustrated

soggy within and with a crust of impenetrable thickness. The sheep-dogs are wild and fierce but admirably trained. At night fires are lighted for warmth and, as the autumn approaches, to keep off wolves. In the winter these hills are left to the snows and such animals as can feed in them. Even in summer the nights are often cold and the shepherds themselves might easily be mistaken for their charges, wrapped as they are in greatcoats and hoods of sheepskin.

The road some 30 miles south of Argyrocastro is, like all Albanian roads, roughly hewn out of the mountain side, tortuous and deep in loose flints and stones. The mountains rise and fall steeply on either side. In the spring, small streams tear down the slopes, gushing on to the roads and bounding over the precipice, carving deep grooves; but in summer they dry up and water is scarce unless you know the springs hidden in the hills covered carefully from the sun and dust by mounds of earth made by the shepherds.

Between the lonely towns of Leskovic and Cologna the pass winds up and down through mountains and moorland, desolate but for the telegraph poles which connect the military posts of this area. Hundreds of feet below are green valleys busy with the bells of cattle, with ponies treading an interminable circle to thresh the grain, with small cavalcades going to or from market, which is often several days' journey. To the north are the mounting ranges of the Central Albanian Mountains; to the south and east are the tall frontiers of Albania and Greece.

Here, perched in tiny grass and flower-filled vales on the highest points of the hills are the strong weatherproof huts built of mud and

(Continued on following page)

ALBANIA IN THE DAYS OF VICTORIA

Midnight—O khans of Albania! Alas! the night is not yet worn through! I lie, barricaded by boxes and bundles from the vicinity of the stable, and enduring with patience the fierce attacks of numberless fleas. All the khan sleeps, save two cats, which indulge in festive bouncings, and save a sleepless donkey, which rolls too contiguously to my head. The wood fire, blazing up, throws red gleams on discoloured arches within whose far gloom the eye catches the form of sleeping Albanian groups. Bulky spiders, allured by the warmth, fall thick and frequent from the raftered ceiling. All is silent, except the horses champing straw within, and the gurgle of the rapid river chafing without. The principal event of the night was the donkey's walking unexpectedly into the fire-place, thereby causing a confusion in my nocturnal arrangements only to be remedied by a complete decamping.—*From* "Journals of a Landscape Painter in Albania, Illyria, etc." *by Edward Lear*

A TYPICAL COMPARISON IN ALBANIA: These two views, one of a very new concrete bridge and the other of an ancient high arched bridge, pierced with apertures at each pier, afford a good example of the violent contrasts in culture to be met with in Albania. There are several good motoring roads throughout the country, but away from these the tracks are stony and the going difficult

ABRUPTLY-PLACED ARGYROCASTRO PERCHED ON THREE "FINGERS," OR SPURS, OVERLOOKING THE DRINO RIVER *Drawings by Percy Home*

Another astonishingly picturesque spot in Albania is Argyrocastro. Bare, frowning mountains flank the Drino, above which the town rises in an abrupt and sudden fashion. Lear wrote: "Many buildings are scattered most picturesquely down the sides of the spurs, ringed, as the wont with Albanian towns, with fine trees, while the centre and highest ridge of rock is crowned by what forms the most striking feature of the place, a black ruined castle which extends along its whole summit and proudly towers, even in decay, over the scattered vassal houses below." To-day the old castle still dominates the scene, but the great Roman aqueduct is no longer in perfect condition

THE RIVER CROSSED AND RECROSSED BY THE ITALIANS—THE KALAMAS NEAR ITS MOUTH: As the Kalamas River gets to its lower reaches it passes through very marshy country; the river alternates between a deep swift current through narrow gorge-like valleys and a shallow stream meandering through waving grass, as shown in the above view, which was obtained between Kalpak and Janina

ITALY'S WINTER

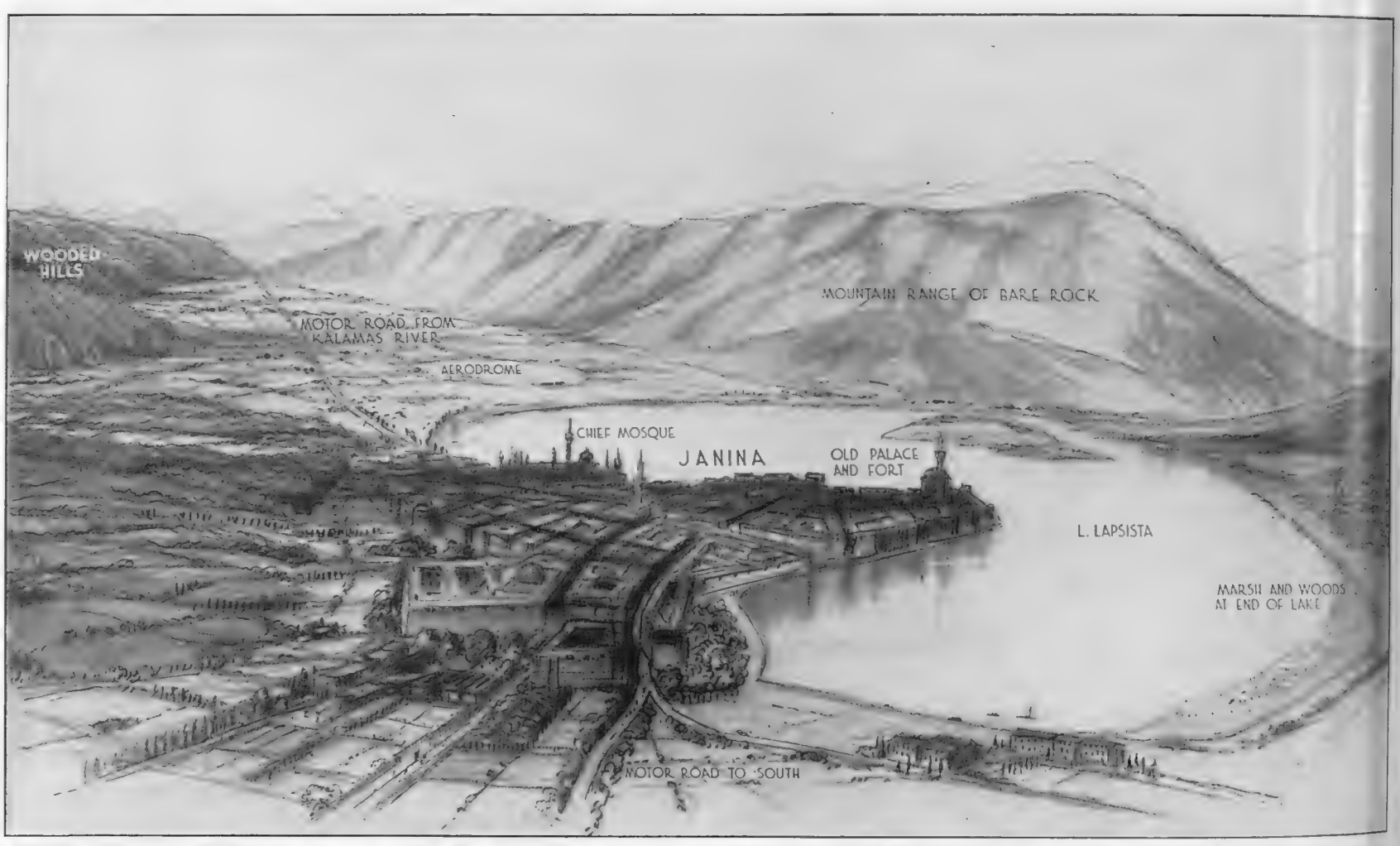
(Continued from preceding page)

thatch by the Albanian frontier guard. The posts are a day's ride or more apart and often three or four days away from the nearest village. The guard had nothing to do but watch incessantly, brew tall glasses of strong, sweet mountain tea and make themselves as comfortable as they could. They were the crack regiment of Albania and they were good marksmen. One man shot his initials into soft rock 150 yards away before jumping, in a desperation of loneliness, into the thick, empty mist below. The initials might have been printed, they are so clear.

The green wasteland of these higher ranges, where ice lies on the green mountain pools even in full summer, softens towards Koritsa into thick forest. The inky blackness of towering trees, ravaged here and there by lightning or by the ruthless axe of a thriftless people, leads down into the gentleness of a valley where soft grass grows as high as a man and wild flowers abound, and down still farther to the great rounded boulders that lie on the floor of a river which sluggishly licks the smooth sides of a mountain on one side and seeps into marshy grass on the other. But in winter the river swells, the valley is flooded, and the torrent tears at the roots of the mountain.

This is a country hewn out of the mountains and scarred with the relics of conquerors and invaders who have in their turn been conquered by the stern suddenness of its moods; this is the country through which the Italians must march to reach the Grecian border; a country whose new, Italian-built roads and concrete bridges are still inadequate for military traffic and are daily imperilled by the fury of the winter rains; a country gripped still in the toils of nature, who, it would seem, has conspired to make the advance of warring man as treacherous as possible.

H. de Beauclerk



THE SOUTHERN OBJECTIVE OF THE ITALIANS—JANINA, ONCE THE CAPITAL OF THE FAMOUS (OR INFAMOUS) ALI PASHA: The picturesque situation of Janina at the side of its lake is undeniable. Mosque and fortress are thrust out on a narrow peninsula so that they are reflected in the waters of the lake. The dungeons of Ali Pasha's palace-fortress were lapped by the waters of the lake. *Below on left*—The water supply of Janina is still dependent on fresh water brought in barrels across the lake, from springs beneath the foothills of the mountain range which comes sheer to the water's edge

HOBHOUSE'S DESCRIPTION OF JANINA

The city stands on the western banks of the lake, at about two miles from its northern extremity. In its utmost length it may be perhaps two miles and a half; and in breadth nearly a mile, though in some places it is much narrower. Immediately near the lake it stands on a flat, but the north and north-western parts of it are built on slopes of rising and uneven ground. A triangular peninsula juts into the lake, and contains the residence of the Pasha, being defended by a fortification and a tower at each angle. The entrance to this fortress is over a drawbridge. There is one street which runs nearly the whole length of the town, and another that cuts it at right angles, extending to the fortress.

The houses are, many of them, large and well-built, containing a courtyard, and having warehouses or stables on the ground, with an open gallery and the apartments of the family above.

The Bazar, or principal street, inhabited by the tradesmen, is well furnished, and has a showy appearance. The Bizestein, or covered Bazar, is of considerable size, and would put you in mind of Exeter 'Change.

—From J. C. Hobhouse's Albania, *1813*

CAMPAIGN PROBLEM :

The Dangers by Sea and Land Which Confront the Italian Forces on Their Way to the Front Through Mountains which are Given Up to the Wolves in Winter

THE LINES OF SUPPLY AND COMMUNICATION IN ALBANIA: There are three main ports at which supplies are entering Albania from Italy: Durazzo in the north, Valona in the centre, and S. Quarante in the south. These are linked by motor roads with the frontier and pass through Tirana, Elbasan, Berat, Argyrocastro to Koritza and Konitza. The dotted triangle in the centre encloses the main mass of the S. Albanian highlands

THE HARBOUR OF DURAZZO SEEN FROM THE RISING GROUND BEHIND THE TOWN: The modern harbour of Durazzo is protected by long arms of masonry enclosing a considerable area. There is an inner harbour within the two outer arms. The old Turkish fortress is the chief evidence of the town's antiquity. It was known to the Romans as Dyrrachium

HOW DURAZZO WAS ATTACKED IN THE GREAT WAR

DURING the Great War Durazzo Harbour was the scene of a great fight, in which the supposed impregnable naval base of the Austrians was taken by surprise and the defending forces completely routed, the place being occupied within a day or so by the Serbian Army, which had been occupying Corfu. The whole action is vividly described by Ray Millholland, chief engineer on one of the United States anti-submarine vessels operating in the Mediterranean, in his book, *The Splinter Fleet*. The enemy submarines had been a serious menace to the Allies, but it was not until the little wooden ships of the United States Navy arrived and enabled the dangerous mine-field in front of Durazzo to be cleared that a combined naval attack could be launched.

"From the Austrian standpoint, Durazzo was far more important than they cared to have the Allies know"; writes Mr. Millholland, "it was a gateway which, once opened, would permit the Allies to pour armies across Albania, cut off the Austrian and Bulgarian army corps operating on the Santa Quarante and Salonika Fronts, and then sweep down the Morava River Valley through Serbia into the heart of Austria itself . . ." The writer describes how they slipped out of Brindisi at midnight, creeping through the mine-net channel, knowing that the slightest error in blind navigation would send them roaring skyward in a fog of splinters. "Undoubtedly we caught the Austrians completely by surprise. Not a shell was fired at us from the formidable shore batteries until we had already commenced our allotted work of countermining their extensive mine-fields by dumping our own depth mines over the stern."

The engineer describes the attack by some of the Italian hydroplane boats—"four smothers of spray—Italian *motor scafas*, the strange little water beetles which the Austrians had learned to dread. They swept on at a dizzy speed—40 knots it appeared—diving clean into a wave and bulleting out the other side. They were just tiny hulls crammed with engines." They did some very good work on this occasion, jumping the boom outside Durazzo harbour with a rush. The Allied Battle Fleet duly arrived and steaming single file, at 8,000 yards offshore, fired salvo after salvo. The Allied Fleet's gunnery was as deadly accurate as the Austrians' was wild. The enemy batteries never registered a single fatal hit during the entire engagement. "And, as if it were a jest of Fate to pick out wooden ships to represent the nation that was so great in resources of men and steel ships, these eleven splinter boats took part in the only general naval engagement participated in by the American Navy in the entire war."

KORITZA: The frontier headquarters of the Italian forces which was entered last week by the Greeks; in the vicinity, large numbers of men, tanks and cars were either captured, or interned in Yugoslavia. The town itself occupies a tract of level ground

DURAZZO AND ITS HARBOUR, THE SCENE OF A STIRRING FIGHT AND CAPTURE IN THE GREAT WAR AND NOW SUPPLY PORT FOR THE ITALIANS

The Italian supply ships have to run the gauntlet of the British Navy on the way to Durazzo, the northernmost port of Albania. The harbour and the old castle which rises above the town lie on the peninsula of Peli. It was fortified by the Turks when they held it and later by the Austrians who were reputed to have turned it into a veritable Gibraltar (but the events proved that the men behind the guns matter as much as the guns!)

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH IN FLIGHT OF THE "HURRICANE OF THE NAVY": The Fairey Fulmar fighter aeroplane, which is now in service with the Fleet Air Arm, is a multi-gun fighter considerably faster than any previous Air Arm aircraft. It has already scored many notable victories in air combats, particularly over Italian opponents. It looks like a bigger edition of the Hurricane, and being able to land on the deck of an aircraft-carrier promises to revolutionise the part the Navy can play in air warfare

AIR COMMENTARY BY CHARLES G. GREY

(Founder of "The Aeroplane")

The ITALIAN ATTACK on BRITAIN

A Few Notes on Italy's Part in the Present War: With Some Afterthoughts on the Attack on Coventry; And a Note on Sir R. Brooke-Popham's Far East Command

WHAT *can* have induced the German Command in France to let that Italian formation come over to England? The Germans must have known that such a voyage was suicide. If the Germans sent them it was murder.

I can only imagine that the *Desperata Squadriglia*, about which some of our papers have said a good deal, had been shooting such a line about what they were going to do that the Germans, who *have* a sense of humour, said, in effect, "All right. If you are so darned good, come and have a cut at it."

Putting those little two-gun Fiat biplanes, even of the newest type, up against our eight-gun fighters was like expecting corn to stand up to a reaping-machine. Probably, after seeing what their older Fiats, largely flown by Spanish and Italian horsemen, did to the Russian imitations of the American Boeing monoplane fighters and of the American Martin twin-motor bombers in the Spanish Civil War, they thought that their more modern Fiats could tackle our old fighters—for remember, the Spitfire was designed in 1935, and the Hurricane in 1934 or earlier, and they knew it. But they did not know how much our fighters and their motors have been modified for the better since then, and evidently the Germans did not tell them of the 10-to-1 losses which their Messerschmitts had suffered from our eight-gunners

I was sorry for the Italians. Their *Regia Aeronautica* did not want to fight us. They had no grudge against us—other than the grudge which every Ally has against any other, and stronger, Ally who has saved him from his own folly or weakness. How wise was de la Rochefoucauld when he said—"We can always forgive an injury, but never a benefaction."

There still seems no better reason for the Italians being in the war at all than that which I gave when they first came in. After the warning he got from Hitler at the first Brenner meeting, Mussolini, knowing that he would be beaten up by the Germans if he did *not* go in with them, and knowing that he would be beaten up by us if he did, decided that we should beat him up in a more gentlemanly way, so he had better let us do it.

And, of course, he was right. Moreover, it is better for us this way. Think of the drain on German resources which the Italians will be. They will want oil and metals and food and technical advisers; and stiffening in machines and personnel for their Army and Air Force.

Remember the drain that Italy was on us in 1915–18. We had to send General Plumer, with quite an Army, and Brig.-Gen. Tom Webb-Bowen with a lot of Air Force, commanded later by a young officer named Philip Joubert de la Ferté, to pull the Italians together, when we could have done better with them in France.

Which reminds me that while the Italians were making up their minds in 1914 whether to drop the Triple Alliance (Germany, Austria, Italy) and come in with us, the wits of the Paris Boulevardes said:—"Italy is waiting to fly to the succour of the vanquisher."

Which again reminds me that when, during von Kluck's approach in 1914, the French Government, as in 1940, turned their backs on Paris and fled to the beauties of Bordeaux, the Boulevardiers called them *Tournedos à la Bordelaise*—the reference, I take it, was to the kitchen and not to the bordel, which is another story. And how in this war we shall miss the wits of the Boulevardes—France's finest products.

I do hope that after the recent full moon attack on Coventry, and on London, people will not accuse Mr. Winston Churchill and Sir Philip Joubert (and even my humble self) of line-shooting when we have said that the German air attacks are dwindling.

If one had been in Coventry on that dreadful Thursday night one would have thought that all the Air Force which Mr. Churchill and Professor Lindemann assured us that the Germans possessed in 1938-1939 had arrived there—20,000 aeroplanes was, I think, one of their figures. And the idea that the attack had dwindled would have seemed crazy.

But if one accepts the general reckoning that in the summer the Germans were sending over anything between 300 and 600 machines per night, and if one assumes that 250 machines were concentrated on Coventry, and about 50 were making nuisance raids on London, there was in fact a dwindlement.

And if, also, one reckons that on several nights in the previous weeks there were no raids at all, and never so many aeroplanes over at a time in October as there were in September, the heartening claim that the raids are dwindling is quite justifiable. Except, perhaps, to the casualties and their relatives. And even they may rest assured that we shall have the answer to the night raider.

In passing, I had to laugh when I heard Sir Philip Joubert, in one of his entertaining and encouraging broadcasts, shunt all the wild inventors of infallible remedies for night-raiding on to that long-suffering person, Mr. W. S. Farren, the Director of Scientific Research at the Ministry of Aircraft Production. Those members of the Cambridge University Air Squadron who in years past attended Mr. Farren's illuminating lectures on Aerodynamics will be able to picture him wrestling with the inventions like Laocoon and Sons with the serpents, or would the Infant Hercules be a better statuary simile?

In the greater fields of the wars of the future (probable rather than possible, though not certain) the appointment of Sir Robert Brooke-Popham to the C.-in-C. the King's Armed Forces in the Far East is very assuring. Brookham (to his friends) is one of those sound people who never do anything spectacular and yet always do well. In those ways he is like General Plumer (later Lord Plumer) in 1914–18, who was always called upon to put things right, and never let anyone down—from his King to his P. B. Infantry.

"WRENS" WITH THE FLEET AIR ARM: Two pilots reporting to a member of the W.R.N.S. in the Plotting Room on their return from a raid

THE NEW WINTER GREATCOATS OF THE W.A.A.F.s: Members of this Corps have now been issued with their new coats. These are of Air Force blue, with deep turn-up collars. They reach a little below the knee and are beautifully warm and cosy, so that the girls can now face the winter in chilly camps with equanimity. Here the O.C. of an Air Station is kindly arranging the set of one of the new coats

Brookham, who was in the Bucks and Oxon Regiment—the chaps who wore two shoulder-straps to their Sam Brownes—is, I believe, the only survivor on the active list of the old Air Battalion R.E. He built and commanded No. 3 Squadron of the Royal Flying Corps, and handed it over to Major Jack Salmond (now Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John), while he looked after the supplies of the R.F.C. and later the R.A.F., all through the war, as Q.M.G.

After that he was first Commandant of the R.A.F. Staff College. There is a story that when the job was offered to him he jibbed at taking it, but when asked to think again, he asked to see the list of other possibles. Then he said reluctantly that he supposed he had better take it. And he created a first-class organisation.

He built up the Air Defence of Great Britain—which has done so well in this war—in much the same way. The A.D.G.B. later was divided into the Fighter Command and the Bomber Command. Also he commanded in 'Iraq for two years.

He became Governor of Kenya Colony in 1935. Rejoined the R.A.F. in 1939. Went to Canada to lay down the organisation for the great training scheme which is variously known as the Empire Air Training Scheme, the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, the Dominions Air Training Plan, or simplest of all, the Joint Air Training Plan (that is E.A.T.S., B.C.A.T.P., D.A.T.P., or J.A.T.P., according to your degree of Imperial or Dominial patriotism or plain commercial sense).

He has been back in England for some months doing grand work behind the scenes. And now he is going to hold our Far Eastern frontier for us.

Happily at the other end of the line he will have an old friend of the R.A.F. as Governor-General of New Zealand, Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Cyril Newall, G.C.B., C.M.G., C.B.E., A.M. (also lately given the O.M.—and I am not sure where that goes between the Grand Cross of the Bath and the Albert Medal), who, as Chief of the Air Staff, had to deal with the great plan for the air defence of the Pacific. Behind him, in the Middle East, he will have Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, another colleague for years past.

Incidentally, Sir Arthur Longmore has been flying since 1911 and, as he qualified in that year, he is the senior pilot on the list of R.A.F. regular officers. Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, who learned to fly early in 1912, is the next senior.

THE NEW R.A.F. JOBS—and the Men Who Are Going To Do Them

NOTHING could be better than the changes in the higher commands in the R.A.F., *and* the arrangement, *pro tem*, at any rate, with the Army for a Co-operation Command instead of that "arm of the Senior Service"—to which we referred a week or two ago—of which Sir Hugh (now Viscount) Trenchard wrote in his memorandum of December, 1919.

Lord Beaverbrook was astute when he chose Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding to go to the States on special duty. Sir Hugh has a line of his own, mordant it used to be called, biting is not quite the same thing. Whether the American wisecrackers will appreciate or even understand the particular type of wit which earned him the nickname of "Stuffy" Dowding remains to be seen, but I warn my American readers against assuming that Sir Hugh is the simple, dumb, British officer and gentleman. He is both the latter, but not simple and certainly not dumb in the German-American sense.

U.S. Big Business will find that the years at the Air Ministry, as Air Member for Supply and Research, which brought him in close touch with the brightest brains of the British aircraft industry, have taught Sir Hugh quite a lot about "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," as Bret Harte wrote of the "Heathen Chinee."

THE NEW CHIEF OF THE FIGHTER COMMAND, AIR MARSHAL W. SHOLTO DOUGLAS, TAKES UP HIS DUTIES AT THE AIR MINISTRY.

Air Marshal W. S. Douglas—always Sholto Douglas in the R.A.F.—was a good choice for the Fighter Command. All Douglases are apparently either black or red. He is a black Douglas, descendant of generations of Border Raiders, and as such he won a big reputation as a fighter pilot in the last war. He was a fine fighter leader; cold and calculating and deadly effective.

And he can, or could a year or two ago, fly anything. Some of us still remember his flying of the leading machine of a formation of twin-motor bombers at a Hendon Display, which, because of the wind, had to take off over the crowd with about 20 ft. to spare. And, by contrast, at another Display he led a fighter formation in an almost vertical dive through the centre of a horizontal circle of other fighters. Yes, a fine fighter pilot, and "they" tell me, just as cold and calculating and swiftly decisive as a Staff Officer.

The last time I met him he was inspecting a new fighter which had just been put on show. He had it all sized up and its good and bad points judged in about as long as some people would take to make up their minds about the paint. We all hope that he will do something about the night raiders.

Incidentally, have you noticed that our successes follow a set formula? A good man meets all the trouble at the start with inadequate means, and then another good man is appointed, with unlimited means, and achieves a glorious victory—for example General Maude in Mesopotamia, General Allenby in Palestine, General Milne in the Balkans, and, in a way, General Trenchard with the R.F.C. in France.

Air Vice-Marshal A. T. Harris—"Bert" Harris to the R.A.F. ever since he was a squadron leader—who becomes Deputy-Chief of Air Staff to his C.-in-C. in the Bomber Command of a few months ago, Sir Charles Portal, is a born leader of men. His methods shake the orthodox Civil Servant and Staff Officer to their roots, but he always comes out on top.

There were those who, when he was still a squadron-leader, prophesied that either he would be cashiered or become Chief of the Air Staff. He is nearer that now than even his best friends expected in the time. The stories of how he bombed the Kurds with Vernon troop-carriers while in 'Iraq, and how he dealt with the Zeidi Imam Yayah of Sana while O.C. Aden, and how he multiplied the armament of his Hampdens, are matters for future history. His men love him and would do anything for him—witness the three V.C.s in his Command—and those who work with and above him have an immense respect for his intelligence.

Also he has a line of humour of his own. While he and the late Walter Longton were at Worthy Down as squadron-leaders in Vickers Virginias under Wing-Commander Tyssen they practically revised the vernacular of the R.A.F. The station spoke a language and had a system of hyperbole of its own.

THE REAR-GUNNER'S "OFFICE" IN THE TAIL OF A WHITLEY BOMBER: In the extreme tail, and reached through a walkway which runs the length of the aircraft, is the rear-gunner's compartment. Here he sits in solitary state during long trips over Germany, with his four Browning guns ready for instant action. In this picture are seen the four breech blocks, with the ammunition feeds to them

Air Vice-Marshal O. T. Boyd, who should have gone as deputy to Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore in the Middle East, has, unfortunately, been captured by the Italians whilst actually flying out to take up his new duties. It is a thousand pities because (like Air Vice-Marshal Harris) he held command of the Aden area, and served a lot in the Middle East in the last war and in between wars. This would have been a good appointment, for Boyd was known to be a thoroughly sound organiser and commander and people like him. He will gain the sympathy of everyone in his present unhappy plight.

Air Vice-Marshal E. L. Gossage, who goes to the Balloons, was a fighter pilot, and a very good leader of fighters, in the last war. He also had the Aden Command—it seems to be a stepping stone upwards. For three years he was our highly successful Air Attaché in Berlin, and there are few who know the German air industry so well as he does. During the past year he has been in the Air Council as Air Member for Personnel. Earlier he commanded a fighter group in the air defences of Great Britain. He is recognised as one of the best organisers among R.A.F. Staff Officers.

Air Vice-Marshal Philip Babington is a brother of Air Marshal John Babington who is commanding at Singapore—the only brothers of such high rank in the R.A.F. Philip Babington was a Director of Personnel some years ago, so he knows the departmental work. He won a Military Cross in the last war. Until two years or so ago he was a fine athlete. Hurdling was his speciality. I remember his station team turning out for the R.A.F. Hurdles Championship a team composed of a group captain, a pilot officer and two or three aircraftmen.

The appointment of Air Marshal Sir Arthur Barratt to be Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Army Co-operation Command is excellent. Nobody in the R.A.F. knows so much about the job. He was a Regular Army officer before he joined the Royal Flying Corps, and ever since he has specialised in Army Co-operation.

The Army definitely wants jobs done which the R.A.F. cannot do, and to do them it wants aeroplanes which the R.A.F. have not got. Sir Arthur Barratt knows that perfectly well, and the Army can depend on him to get what they and he want with that same pertinacity, coupled with personal charm, which has distinguished his career in the R.A.F.

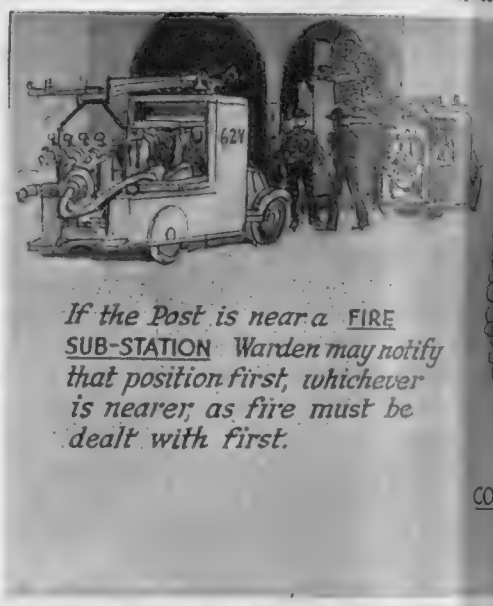
Incidentally, we are lucky to have him for the job. On his way back from France in a transport aeroplane, after the French crack-up, with some of his Staff, they were attacked by German fighters. The pilot dodged them and put down in a field, where the crew and passengers lay flat in ditches while the enemy shot up the machine. It and they got home without further damage.

THE CHAIN OF WORK OF THE INDISPENSABLE

1. THE FIRST STAGE IN THE AIR RAID WARDENS' WORK

The chain of effort of the Air Raid Precautions organisations is much more extensive than many would suppose, for their major work is carried out at night when bombing is at its height. The operations start with the parties of Wardens who are always at their posts in pairs; they are identified by the single letter W on their helmets. These men at once rush to the scene of the bombing. In the case illustrated here, a typical domestic house, a fire has broken out. One warden examines the wreckage for possible injured, while No. 1 makes in the panel above—the exact position of damage, the likely number of casualties, by fallen debris. No. 2 warden carries waiting at their telephones. They tele

TYPES OF THE ESSENTIAL AUXILIARY FIRE WORKERS: When a fire breaks out as the result of the bombing, the Auxiliary Firemen are on the spot as soon as their motor fire units can convey them there. Like other A.R.P. wardens and workers, numbers of auxiliary firemen have themselves figured in the casualty lists



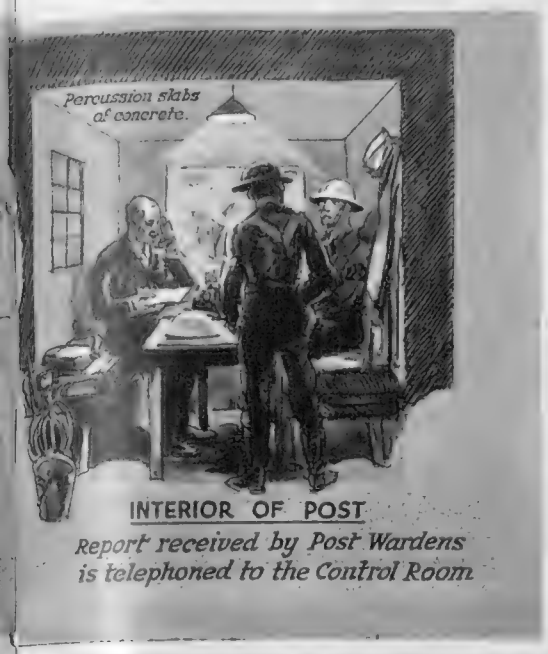
If the Post is near a FIRE SUB-STATION Warden may notify that position first, whichever is nearer, as fire must be dealt with first.

2. SECOND STAGE IN THE CHAIN OF A.R.P. WORK WHEN SERVICES ARE NOTIFIED

3. THE CULMINATION OF THE CHAIN OF A.R.P. WORK: FIRE FIGHTERS, RESCUE SQUADS, STRETCHER PARTIES, AMBULANCES AND MEDICAL CARS, ALL AT WORK—WITH THE INCIDENTS OFFICER AS A CENTRAL FIGURE

The Incidents Officer on arrival at the scene of of local control. He wears a blue helmet and lamps. From his experience of previous bomb extra services required such as rescue squads are sent out through a local reporting post up by telephone. Soon all the services are

A.R.P. SERVICE

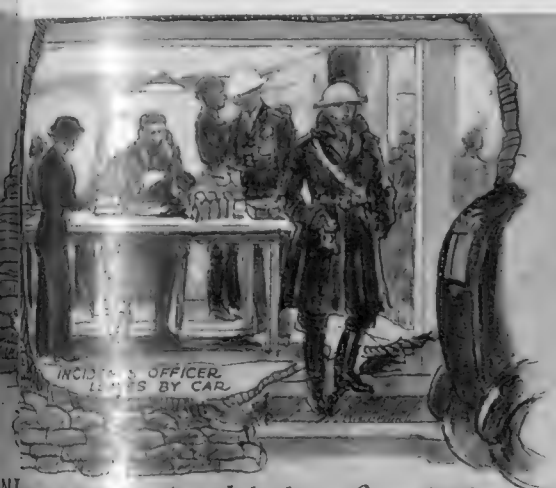


INTERIOR OF POST

Report received by Post Wardens is telephoned to the Control Room

out a report, including such essential details as are shown the house, the probable type of bomb which has done the If it is an occupied house, the number of roads blocked this to the reporting post where the post wardens are phone the details to the Control Room

TWO TYPES OF A.R.P. WORKER WHO FACE CONTINUED BOMBING AND MACHINE-GUN FIRE: It was on January 1, 1938, that the Air Raid Precautions Act was finally passed and became law. At that time the position of an A.R.P. warden seemed a light sort of job, with plenty of monotony as its chief disadvantage. But they continued their work, which for a long period received small public encouragement. Now that is all altered. The A.R.P. warden and worker is literally in the firing line, for his work exposes him to the continued fury of a night attack



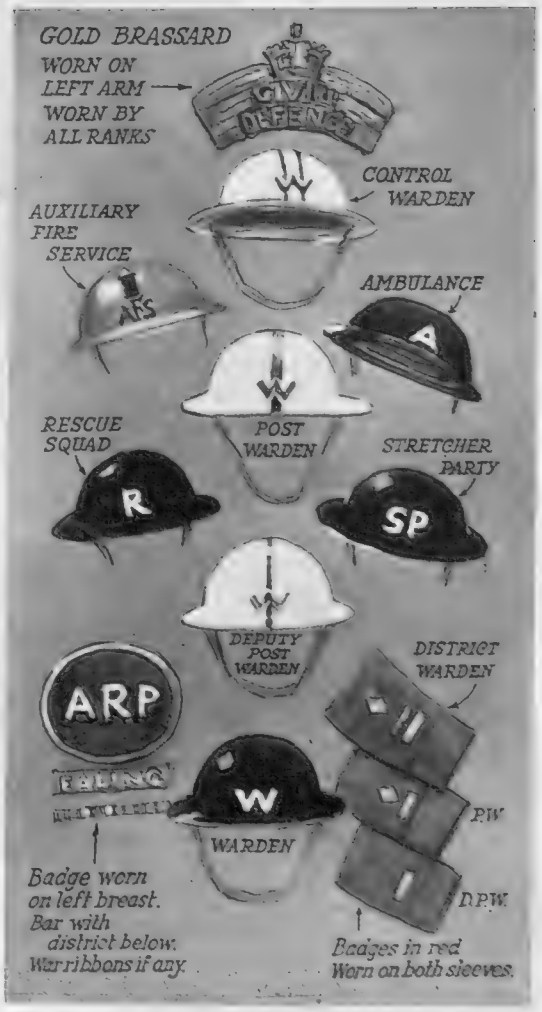
...OL ROOM ...ceives telephone from Post-...cidents Officer despatched-...otifies ambulance, gas & water ...ervices-& instructs about routes ...o be taken.

AMBULANCE STATION

Chief Officer receives message from control room-a "token" service. Light ambulance with stretcher bearer and driver is sent immediately-other ambulances follow as called.

The Control Room having received the first warden's details, a host of workers are set in motion by the telephone messages sent out. First, the Fire Sub-Station is warned, as in this case fire has broken out. Ambulance drivers leap into their seats and follow the first Light Ambulance Unit which speeds to the scene—these are driven by members of the Auxiliary Ambulance Services illustrated in last week's issue of "The Sphere"; the Incidents Officer is dispatched to the scene, and gas and water Companies are at the same time notified that their local service pipes have been broken

Drawings by D. Macpherson



the fire becomes the central figure stands by a couple of blue hurricane fires, he gauges the number of and stretcher bearer parties. They to the Control Room and ordered at work. Rescue parties have extricated the wounded and have conveyed them to the stretcher parties who have lifted them into mobile medical cars where a surgeon and nurses give immediate attention. Others go to first-aid posts if their injuries are slight. The fire-fighting services are, of course, endeavouring to damp down the blaze as rapidly as possible. *On right*—A guide to the meaning of the various helmet letters and other indications of service and rank worn by A.R.P. and fire service workers

THE UNITED STATES AND THE PANAMA

The Strategics of the United States' Naval Policy in the Caribbean

By Comm. EDGAR P. YOUNG, R.N.

CLOSELY linked with the United States programme of naval expansion is the revived interest shown by that country in European possessions in and around the Caribbean Sea. Both alike are the product of the tense international situation of which this war is the most marked symptom, but also of the tense internal situation within that country, for which this war can provide but a temporary alleviation. The United States feels itself menaced both as regards its security and as regards its stability, and is seeking, by consolidating its hegemony in the Caribbean Sea, to improve its position with regard to both these menaces.

So far as security against direct aggression is concerned, the geographical situation of the United States is almost ideal. To the northwards lies the Dominion of Canada, with whom there never has been (and now never can be) any serious trouble, while its only other land frontier is that separating it from Mexico, with whom there are frequent differences, but from whom no grave menace could arise.

Those responsible for the defence of the United States can therefore confine their attention to the maritime frontiers, which may be considered as composed of three parts: the Atlantic coast, the Pacific coast, and the line which joins them. And of these, it is not difficult to see, the last is the most important, because it ensures or prevents passage in force from one side of the North American continent to the other. It is also the most exposed to external aggression, for although both the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts are comparatively open, in neither case is any potential aggressor in possession of an adjacent base from which to profit by that circumstance—so long as there is a U.S. Fleet in being.

The construction of the Panama Canal, declared open by President Wilson in 1920, has enormously simplified matters for the U.S. Navy Department, by enabling it to organise its fleet as one concentrated unit of formidable strength, based in peace-time in South California, but capable of speedy transfer to the Atlantic coast, should necessity arise. The circumstance that the rivalry between Great Britain and Germany has rendered it virtually impossible for either of those Powers to challenge the sacred Monroe Doctrine has further contributed to its peace of mind since the opening of the present century.

In another sense, however, the construction of that canal has complicated the situation of the United States, for it has changed the character of the Caribbean Sea from that of a terminus, and of a place of local traffic, or at best of a broken and imperfect line of travel between the Atlantic and the Pacific, into that of one of the great sea highways of the world. Along this highway great commerce passes, bringing the interests of other nations close along the shores of the United States, and thereby rendering it less easy for the United States to stand aloof from international complications.

Modern developments in the Pacific, consequent on the acquisition by the United States of the Philippine Islands and on the failure of consumption within the U.S. to keep pace with the enormous development of its industrial production, has developed, as a fundamental feature of U.S. foreign policy second only to the Monroe Doctrine, the preservation of an "Open Door" for U.S. trade with the vast markets of East Asia and the South Seas. The way to that "Open Door" lies through the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, and through the Panama Canal, which may thus be seen as the very keystone of U.S. foreign policy, and the strategic key to the two great oceans which it unites.

It is this focal point, and the two policies with which it is related, which are menaced by recent changes in the world situation resulting from the aggressiveness of Japan, and from the initial successes of Germany in Europe. The territorial expansion of either of these Powers in the Americas would menace the security of the United States; their economic expansion would menace its stability; while their defeat by Britain, with or without the assistance of the United States, might increase its security, but would seem hardly likely, in the existing world circumstances, to eliminate the instability with which it is menaced. I mean both commercial and financial instability, and the political instability which they produce.

It was only to be expected, therefore, that the U.S. Government should have declared that they would not recognise the transfer of any geographical region of the Western Hemisphere from one non-American Power to another such Power. This was, however, but the diplomatic expression of a policy which still needs an immense extension of U.S. naval power to implement it.

Such extension of naval power takes time, moreover, and the four new capital ships of 45,000 tons which will be laid down in the United States this year and next cannot be completed until 1944 and 1945 respectively. Furthermore, these ships will be the largest that could possibly be passed through the existing locks of the Panama Canal, and if, in answer to the competition of Japan, their successors are to be still larger, those locks will have to be enlarged, a step for which Congress approval has already been granted, but which it will take at least five years to complete.

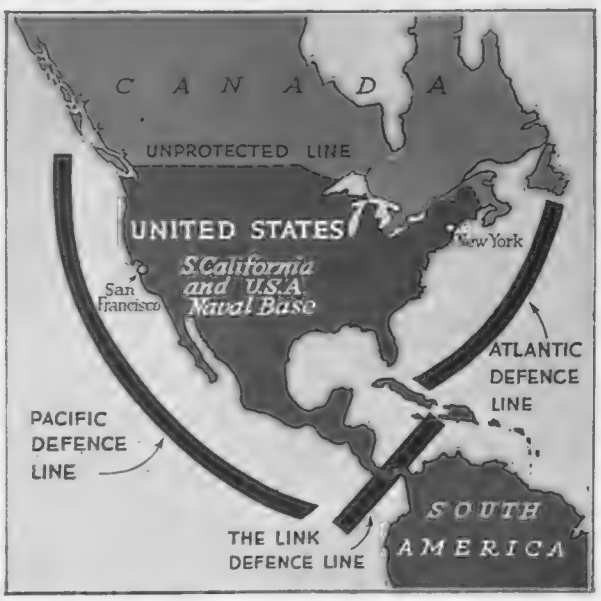
Faced thus with the possibility of having to do with a "One-Ocean Navy" what would require a "Two-Ocean Navy," the U.S. Government have taken the wise precaution of securing from this country, in return for her very welcome assistance in the war, concessions which will so increase the strategic position of their Navy in relation to the Caribbean Sea as to offset very largely its material deficiency.

The bases which we are permitting them to establish in Newfoundland and Bermuda will increase the security of their Atlantic seaboard; as well, of course, as that of Canada, with which they are now directly concerned. Their new bases in the Bahamas and Jamaica will secure the communications between their Atlantic ports and the mouth of the Mississippi and the Panama Canal, and the unimpeded passage of their Fleet between the two oceans. Their bases on the islands of Antigua and St. Lucia should give control of the sea route between Europe and the Panama Canal by neutralising the strategic position of the French islands of Guadaloupe and Martinique.

All these acquisitions may be regarded as safeguards of their security. As safeguards of their stability, rather, may be regarded those which they have secured in the Gulf of Paria and in British Guiana, for they are the expression of their growing interest in South America.

It is now fifty years since Admiral Mahan foretold that the partition and monopolisation by the Powers of colonial markets in Africa and Asia would lead to their increased interest in those of the Republics of South America. He foretold also that the Powers so interested would concern themselves with the establishment of "stable" governments in those Republics, and he advised his countrymen that sea power would decide which Power would achieve such "stabilisation" (and reap the rewards which such action would be intended to confer). The United States Government cannot fail to have felt impelled to take action to avert the possibility of German or Italian intervention in the internal affairs of certain of the Republics in which they have large communities whose allegiance has not been transferred from the country of their origin.

THE "ACHILLES HEEL" OF THE UNITED STATES—THE MOST VULNERABLE POINT IN THE DEFENCE OF AMERICA: The vital importance of the Panama Canal lies in the link it provides between the Atlantic and Pacific Fleets. Without this quick method of switching from one area to another, the American Fleet would have to face the terribly long and arduous voyage round Cape Horn! The whole conception of American defence is based around the integrity of the Canal zone



HOW AMERICA WILL PROTECT THE CANAL: The Atlantic defence line rests on the West Indian Islands—those owned by America herself, as well as those bases leased to her by Great Britain. Thus her vital artery will be strongly protected on the Atlantic side, whilst on the other there is the mighty United States Pacific Fleet—and no aggressor within thousands of miles

THE FRENCH ISLAND ON THE ROUTE TO PANAMA: A view of the town and harbour of St. Pierre on the Caribbean island of Martinique. The United States are concerned with the "neutralisation" of this French possession within striking distance of the Panama Canal

THE DEATH OF LORD CRAIGAVON

THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT PLYMOUTH: Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles M. Forbes is sixty years of age; since April, 1938, he has been Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet. On Monday next, however, he is being relieved of that command by Admiral Tovey, and is succeeding Admiral Sir Martin Dunbar-Nasmith, V.C., at Plymouth

VISCOUNT CRAIGAVON, PRIME MINISTER OF NORTHERN IRELAND, WHO HAS JUST DIED AT BELFAST: At the age of sixty-nine years, Lord Craigavon has just died of a heart attack; he was for nineteen years Premier of Northern Ireland, and an uncompromising Ulsterman and opponent of Mr. de Valera. He was created a baronet in 1918, and received his peerage in 1927. In this picture the late peer is seen with his wife, the only member of his family with him when he died

THE GREEK MINISTER RECEIVES THE GREAT NEWS FROM ATHENS: M. Simopoulos, Greek Minister in London, with two of his staff, reading the news sent from Athens of the Greek entry into Koritza. A fine portrait of King George of Greece is prominent in the above picture; beneath it is a portrait of General Metaxas, the Greek Premier. M. C. Simopoulos has been Minister in London since 1935

THE NEW CHIEF OF THE HOME GUARD: Major-General T. R. Eastwood, who has just been appointed Director-General of the Home Guard. He had previously been Commandant at Sandhurst, and lately held command of a Regular division. With the Director-General is Captain Foley: both were photographed at Headquarters of the Home Guard

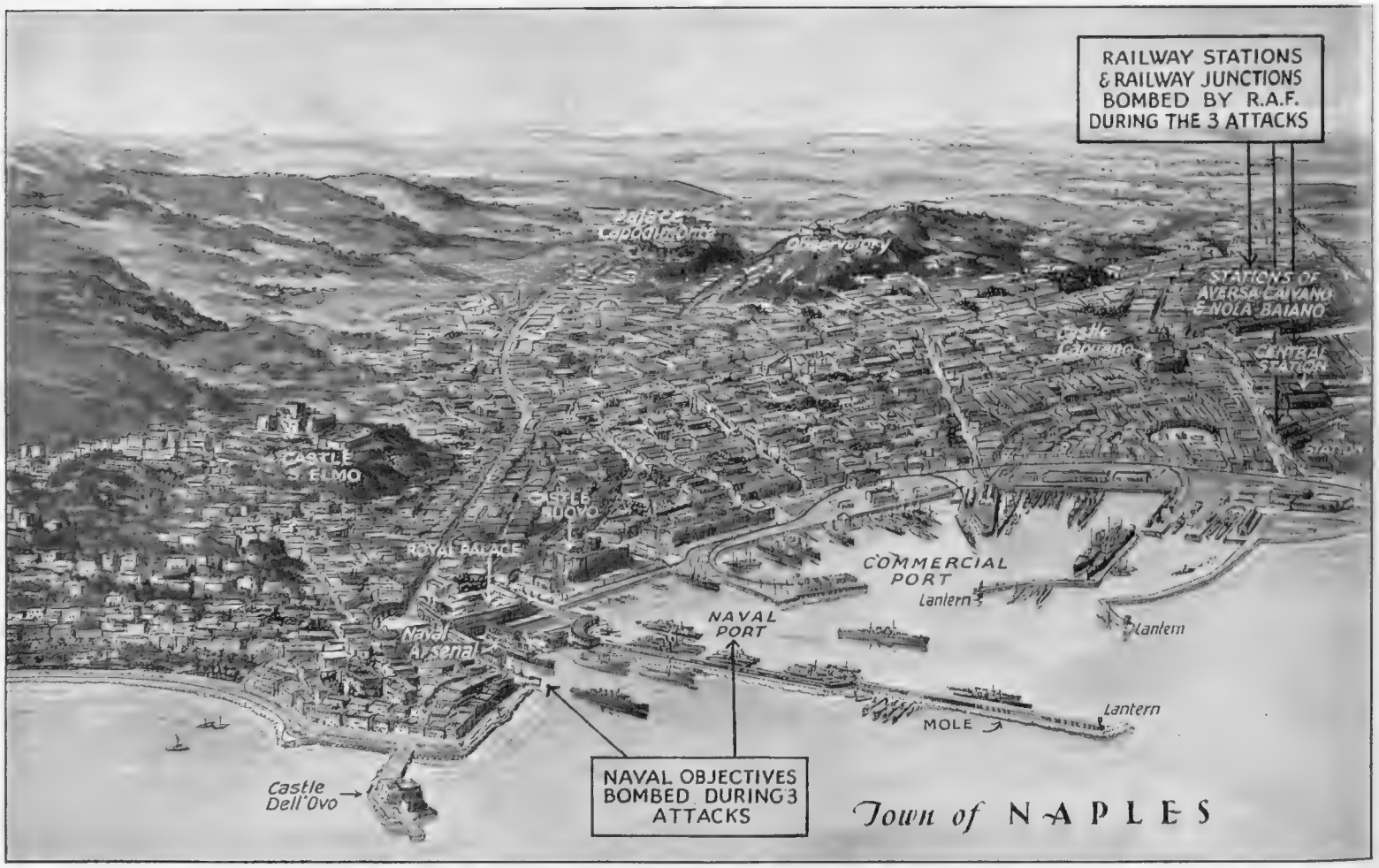
The LONG-DISTANCE RAIDS on DANZIG and NAPLES

TWO NOTABLE R.A.F. BOMBINGS: The flight to Poland for the railway yards at Danzig and to Gelsenkirchen for oil refineries. Two separate oil refineries were both straddled by sticks of high explosive bombs, and at one a great oil-fed fire giving off dense clouds of black smoke broke out immediately after the bombing

THE INTERNATIONAL ZONE OF TANGIER NOW TAKEN OVER BY SPAIN, FOLLOWING UPON ITS OCCUPATION ON JUNE 14

DANZIG RAILWAY OBJECTIVE BOMBED BY THE R.A.F.: The raid on Danzig was a remarkable exhibition of the ever-increasing range of R.A.F. bombing effort. The total mileage including deviations amounted to nearly 2,000, although the direct flight from England would measure, there and back, 1,500. The flight over Germany was uneventful, but later fine snow was encountered which penetrated into the cockpit and actually into the pilot's fur clothing. A.A. fire at last demonstrated that the plane was observed. When Danzig was reached the railway yard target was clearly seen and effectively bombed. Leaflets for the Poles were also dropped

The seizure of the International Zone of Tangier by Spain was a curious commentary on the offer which was reported to have been made by Hitler to Spain. Spain was in a strategic position to take Tangier and has acquired it without reference to offers by others who do not own it. The U.S. Government and British Government naturally have this new situation before them. The first move by Spain was in June last, when Colonel Yuste, commander of the troops in Tangier, has announced that the Committee of Control and the Legislative Assembly shall cease to function



RAILWAY STATIONS AND JUNCTIONS AND OTHER OBJECTIVES BOMBED AT NAPLES

Naples has been bombed by the R.A.F. on several occasions recently. There are many objectives in the famous city which have received attention. The railway stations and junctions are seen to the right of the above bird's-eye view in the direction of Vesuvius. The naval arsenal and naval port figure in the centre foreground in the district overshadowed by the castle of St. Elmo. "Vesuvius," said one pilot, who took part in one of the attacks, "was a landmark nobody could miss. It was an awe-inspiring sight." In each of the attacks on Naples the R.A.F. bombers were over the centre of the city in the early hours of the morning. Heavy cloud made visibility bad, but the pilots waited patiently until they found a break through which they were able to locate their targets

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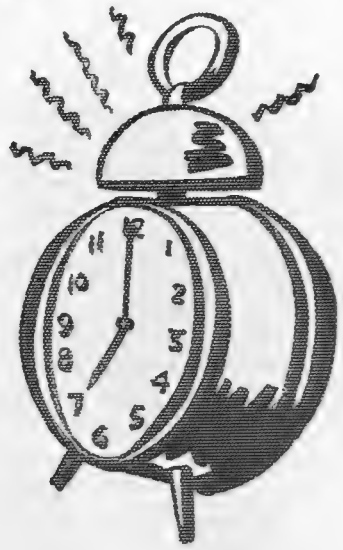
LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

How much SLEEP do we need?



The truth is that nobody knows for certain just how long we need to sleep. One thing is sure. A few hours of *deep* sleep are worth many hours of shallow sleep.

WE are all concerned about our sleep nowadays. How much should we have?

"Eight hours' sleep for a man, nine for a woman, ten for a fool." The famous Dr. John Hunter, Surgeon-Extraordinary to King George III, gave that advice.

Is there any truth in it? No. Men sleep more restlessly than women, and therefore need *more* sleep, not less.

How do we know men sleep restlessly?

Dr. Glenville Giddings, famous American research scientist, made tests with a "hypnograph." This is an ingenious instrument for recording automatically the movements of a sleeping person.

A plunger is attached to the bedsprings. This moves every time the sleeper moves, and makes or breaks an electric contact. These electric "on and off's" are conveyed by wire to the next room where another instrument records them.

Dr. Giddings found that "females are sounder sleepers than males. They not only get to sleep more quickly but sleep more quietly through the night."

Mr. H. M. Johnson, of the Mellon Institute, also found that husbands stir 40% more than their wives!

"8 for a man, 9 for a woman, 10 for a fool,"

they used to say.
Were they right?

JOHN WESLEY thought too much sleep was "stupid, unseemly, enervating." He had been used to going to bed at ten o'clock and rising at eight. But he then waked around midnight and concluded this was due to "lying in bed longer than nature required."

So he set an alarm clock for seven. Still he lay awake for some time in the middle of the night. He then set his alarm for six. Then for five. At last for four o'clock. This proved to be early enough: he ceased to lie awake. And the old stalwart arose at 4 a.m. for the next sixty years! (But he often dozed when someone was talking to him!)

ALL of us belong to one of three sleep groups. Sometimes we sleep deep down, deaf to noises, untroubled by dreams. That is 1st Group Sleep. We wake from it rested in body and mind. The hypnograph apparatus would record little movement during such sleep.

At other times we lie uneasily on the surface. This may mean that we sleep right through the night, but so "shallowly" and restlessly that we wake tired, depressed, without any heart for the day.

Or, even worse. It may mean lying awake, straining our ears at every sound, making plans for future action, worrying over anything and everything, and then worrying anew because sleep will not come.

Eight or nine hours of such shallow sleep, or jerky anxious dozing, do you less good than four or five hours of 1st Group Sleep.

The great value of Horlicks is precisely that it helps to give you 1st Group Sleep. People find that after a cup of hot Horlicks last thing, they go to sleep more easily and sleep more deeply. They waken refreshed—fit and alert, ready to face the day and any difficulties it may bring.

You will find the same. It is not how *long* you sleep that counts, but how *well*. Take a cup of hot Horlicks last thing tonight and get 1st Group Sleep.

Things will look so much better tomorrow!

An ESCAPE from the WAR

Of English Wits and Other Craftsmen; and a Note on Winter Health and on Social Life to Come

"ENGLISH WITS."—A man may not marry his grandmother, and by custom, if not by law, he should not review his own books.

But I bore so small a part in the composition of the symposium on *English Wits*, edited by Leonard Russell and published by Hutchinson, that I feel justified in recommending a new book which gave me great diversion and escape from war boredom and preoccupation.

The choice of the wits may raise contentious questions. They range from Pope to Shaw, but they include Dr. Johnson, a bludgeon among rapiers. One woman only is among them, Mary Mitford. I think I should have chosen none or more; if more, Jane Austen and Emily Eden would have been among my choices. But it is as difficult to select a dozen acknowledged wits as it is to define the commodity they dealt in. I am not convinced that written wit can be grouped with spoken wit. I think perhaps the word should be reserved for the emanations of the tongue and not of the pen. If so, Luttrell would be preferred to Max B. and perhaps Dizzy to Charles Lamb. But some of the choices made by Mr. Russell are incontestible in any first list under any definition of wit. Of these, I should place Whistler, Wilde, Labouchere, Wilkes.

Sydney Smith is on the border line. Hook was really a punster, a corney grain, a practical joker. Sheridan *said* several good things and wrote some more. But the whole subject is gloriously and eternally contentious. Therein lies its charm, and there is much stimulus and fun to be got out of Mr. Russell's welcomely apt symposium, among which I rank Wyndham Lewis' Whistler high. I quarrel a little with Mr. Campbell Dixon's view of Sheridan and should have welcomed many more quotations from Max Beerbohm's essays, though Mr. Hopkins' verdict is full and admirable. Mr. MacCarthy's Wilde is a model of relevance and fair criticism. Altogether, this book is first-rate escape literature.

Village Crafts.—One of the most delightful dreams sometimes held out to us by theorists to-day is the dream that after this war the life and colour of the English village should be brought back by the revival of the old village crafts and by the restoration to lives of usefulness and contentment of that once happiest and most valuable section of the nation, the village craftsmen, whose work was their recreation and their chief pleasure and source of interest. There were scores of such crafts which one by one disappeared under the iron heel of mass production, machinery and cheap foreign labour. There was ironwork of many kinds, woodwork of many kinds, basket and withy work, rope and net work, thatching with straw and with reeds. There was wool work, leather work, carpet work, tapestry work, stick making, fence making, glass work, barrel making and all the fine art of the skilled ironworkers, carpenters, masons, joiners, blacksmiths and so on, not comprehended in the above.

Of all these craftsmen hardly any remain to-day unless it be the village shoe repairer.

Yet the work of many of these craftsmen is still a legacy of beauty, usefulness, and taste in a desecrated countryside. It has taught us, and teaches us every day, the lesson that it pays to bespeak good work and that craftsmen deserve, and should still obtain, their reward by pursuing a calling which affords them, besides a livelihood, constant pride, interest, and adequate recreation.

Back to Jane Austen.—While the fate of civilisation and of our Empire is at stake, it may seem presumptuous, optimistic, or fatuous to consider the shape of things to come. What would you? We cannot deal in bombs and bestialities as our only mental fare, for that way madness lies; and even in the article of a death struggle we have clear evidence of the vague outline of the form which our future social life will take.

We already know that though we may hanker back after the sweets (?) of the 1930's and try to resume some of the mental processes and standards of thought which, already outworn, governed those processes, economic facts will for years to come prevent any return to the manner of life we enjoyed before the war.

Already—to take a small acre in a vast area—our radius of activity in social and even in business life has narrowed to the scope of 1815. Our society is found for us within a "pony and trap" radius once more. We make up what a year ago we despised, a local social circle. Our neighbours within walking distance are become more than nodding acquaintances, more than left-till-called-for companions; they must furnish us with our friends and intimates. Pre-war friendships remain a memory and a resource and comfort, but even friendship depends on constant renewal by the sharing of experiences.

Our old friendships we can—if separated by space—only keep in pickle by means of correspondence and only at the stage reached in 1940.

Middle-aged people may well ask themselves whether they are sufficiently elastic in mind to begin again to build up friendships from within the prescribed radius.

The Bennetts and Westons, Woodhouses and Morlands had a very good time of it. With an occasional daring excursion to the Mecca of fashionable pilgrims, Bath, they lived a colourful, even thrilling, existence within their ten-mile radius, and drew their friends and all they needed to make life full and rich from within that narrow field. It looks to me as if for some years after this war, we also may, from various causes, be compelled to continue our present life of restricted movement.

For years to come, many centres and pilgrimages of once easy access must remain closed to us, many of the once readily available means of communication must be sharply restricted.

We must in truth prepare ourselves for a social life more akin to 1815 than to 1930, and I ask myself whether we have it in us to make out of it a tithe of the colour and zest and interest which Jane Austen and her contemporaries succeeded in producing.

We have known "better days." (Were they better? I am not so sure.) *She* had no dangerous knowledge of swifter communications and wider spheres. Yet, if our radius of action and interest between the great wars had never ceased to widen dangerously quickly, the breadth and depth of our minds did not keep pace with that spacial and recreational widening. We made our adventure into space with minds of *her* calibre and we made a signal failure of the adventure. With the minds with which the war may leave us, shall we attain to her success in her restricted sphere?

Health in Town and Country.—The health of the nation is rightly put forward as a matter for the most careful direction and consideration by the Government and health services.

The question is of course most difficult in cities where a great part of the population is compelled to sleep every night under conditions of promiscuity, cold and damp and airlessness, which create prime breeding grounds for germs of all kinds, despite every effort to improve conditions.

Many rural areas, remote from military objectives, are now carrying twice or thrice their normal populations, and one of the most regrettable impulses of the Government in the earlier days of the war was the robbing of the civilian population of its medical services in order to furnish an overestimated scale of organisation to deal with military and bombing casualties.

There are not left enough doctors to go round to deal with normal civilian needs; nurses are often impossible to obtain, and many rural hospitals have been closed to the civilians who support and look to them, so as to be ready to receive war casualties. That has meant that scores of doctors, nurses, and hospital staffs, which might have been usefully employed and still be so employed, have been sitting idle, "waiting for trouble."

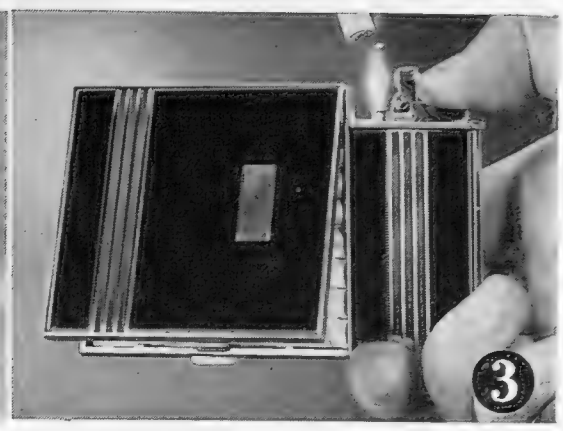
Meanwhile, with winter's approach, the usual winter ills are already with us, the common cold and influenza already take their toll and broadcast their contagions. Village schools, filled to double their capacity, and the cinemas of course carry on the evil work and cottage homes overcrowded make segregation impossible. Many of the private efforts made last winter to provide isolation wards or hospitals in private houses to deal with infectious evacuees petered out in the summer, and now the houses used for the purpose are put to other uses. The military are in occupation or individuals who have left cities have rented them. There is no doubt that rural areas provide for the health authorities a problem grave enough, even when set beside the same problem in bombed cities.

Meanwhile, with no authority to speak on medical questions, I venture to remind readers of that fierce and efficient journalistic prophet, Leo Maxse, who so long edited *The National Review*. He concentrated during his life on three main subjects. The need to rearm Britain against the German menace; the need to take precautions against influenza and colds; and the need to improve British lawn-tennis! Leo Maxse was more often right than are most journalists.

He had no financial interest in Glycerine-Thymol products, but he preached and practised all his journalistic life the habit of daily snuffling and gargling glycerine of Thymol. Many other effective disinfectants have been patented since his day. The need for a regular morning and evening gargle in private houses, schools and institutions by young and old is based on sound experience, tested and proved to the hilt. I am absolutely convinced of the efficacy of the daily snuffle and gargle. I regard it to-day as a national war duty, as important as shell making. Prevention is better than cure, especially when cures and curers are hard to come by.

J. G.

THE THINGS WE ARE ASKED TO BELIEVE: This very charming picture, which has just reached "The Sphere" office, is described in the following terms: "These ducky-duck-dillies aren't such sillies. They've grown to know that raid sirens mean possible unpleasantness. And so they make a bee-line for their stone shelter on their Derbyshire Farm. Here they are trooping out again when the Raiders Passed has sounded. With them is Jean, Farmer Burton's daughter." As we say, the picture is charming: as for the rest, you can believe it or not!



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The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

REALISM VERSUS ESCAPISM

Airmen in the Headlines; A Victorian Reverie; The Spanish War Again; Glasgow in the '70's

MR. NOEL MONKS had the good fortune to be attached to the Royal Air Force as a war correspondent in France during last winter. He was also lucky enough to spend a lot of his time with No. 73 Fighter Squadron, of which "Cobber" Kain was a member.

SQUADRONS UP! (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is a book of his experiences with the Hurricane pilots of the Advanced R.A.F. Striking Force, who, in the early days of the war, used to harry the Boche from bases just behind the Maginot line.

A good deal of Mr. Monks' record is devoted to the outstanding personalities of the two squadrons to which he attached himself (No. 1 was the other). Most of them are good "copy." Those were the days when people went about saying it was a strange war (and the Americans said it was "phoney"); when the B.E.F. was still in France, and a single aeroplane over the Firth of Forth was a screaming headline.

To the air they looked for headlines; there was precious little doing anywhere else, except on the sea, and the Navy was notoriously silent. There were also heroes to be sought—and found.

If only the magnificent "Cobber" had been spared to fight in the Battle of Britain!

There are some fine stories in this book. As, for instance, the account of how No. 1 Squadron waded into more than 100 enemy fighters—7 Hurricanes against 100!—and cleared the way for the famous action of the bombing of Maastricht Bridge, for which two bomber pilots were awarded the V.C.

Yes, it is a fine on and off duty record of two great squadrons who accounted for more than 300 enemy planes between them at the cost of only four pilots killed in action and two killed accidentally. But it is only the beginning; the prologue, as it were, to a greater, grimmer, and even more heroic story which has as yet not been written, except in the daily communiqués.

It is conceivable that Sir George Leveson-Gower's **YEARS OF CONTENT** (John Murray. 12s. 6d.) will become an historical document, because, although it is not a day-to-day diary of the back-stage of politics, the Court and the coffee-houses, it is nevertheless a picture of an era and a society which either has passed or soon will.

"I feel that some apology is due for presenting at the present moment of storm and stress," he says, "a record of earlier, happier and more gracious days." And there is an undoubted charm in imagining oneself listening to this great gentleman's delicate stories while the butler hands the cigars.

Of Sir Rennell Rodd, for instance, he writes:—"We all flocked to the Encaenia to hear him recite his prize poem, which he did very well and with much applause."

Or again, the story which begins: "During a walk . . . . I was badly bitten in the leg by a large chow. He came up behind me and smelt my leg, which I had hitherto found in my commerce with strange dog, a proceeding which established my respectability."

At the age of eleven, Sir George was given a good beating at bowls by that great statesman the first Earl Russell, and fascinatingly adds that the only other Prime Ministers with whom he ever played a game were Lord Salisbury, Lord Balfour and Mr. Gladstone. The latter, it is inferred, lost: but then the game was whist.

The value of this book lies in its tracing, through a record of anecdote and personality, of an age and a kind of government that maintained the British Empire at what in those days was considered to be its zenith.

The reader's one regret must be that, in the author's own words, "It was thought advisable not to prolong this narrative beyond the date of the General Election of 1886."

The publishers describe **STILL ALIVE WITH LUCAS** (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.) as a personal story. The author, Miss Helen Riehm, writes it in the historical present and it is left to the reader to determine its classification.

It is, in fact, a story of a man and a woman in the Spanish civil war. It reads like a true story, and yet there are moments when it looks as though it might have been embroidered by that licence allowed to those who write fiction. Who can tell? Neither the publisher nor the author helps.

The first person singular allied to the historical present gives Helen Riehm full scope for a lively sense of atmosphere in which she quite vividly conveys the impression of having lived through every moment of her story. In the same way she also quickens into excellent portraiture her husband, Lucas the architect.

The two of them, exiled from Germany, had opened a seaside café at Tossa. It was the kind of little fishing village which was being "discovered," and cropping up all over that southern European latitude which the internal combustion engine and the northern European's newly acquired lust for sun and sea bathing had made fashionable.

She had been an interior decorator, and Lucas was the designer of the new local hotel. The opening of the book is a vivid picture of a night in their tiny café. Then came the civil war, which caught the *indigenes* immediately into its maelstrom, in the path of which the parasites quickly melted. She and Lucas were of a different type. In a sense they had a stake in the struggle although they were not of it.

The quality of this book is in its objectivity, and the almost gay insouciance with which it is written. Humour keeps breaking in, even in the most tragic episodes. The author, unlike so many writers upon this overwrought subject, seems to have no particular political axe to grind; nor does she seek to trouble a deaf heaven with bootless cries over what she and Lucas had to endure.

ANTIMACASSAR CITY, (Constable. 8s. 6d.) is a novel of Glasgow, and the period is the '70's.

To a reviewer who is apt to take a gloomy view of the attractions of Glasgow in general and the period of the '70's in particular, Mr. Guy McCrone's book is a challenge, and I can pay him no better compliment than to say that the Moorhouse family can take it.

Perhaps it is because they are really Ayrshire farm folk; Glaswegians in the making, to be sure, but having qualities which stand in sturdy contrast to the estimable citizens whom they severally married.

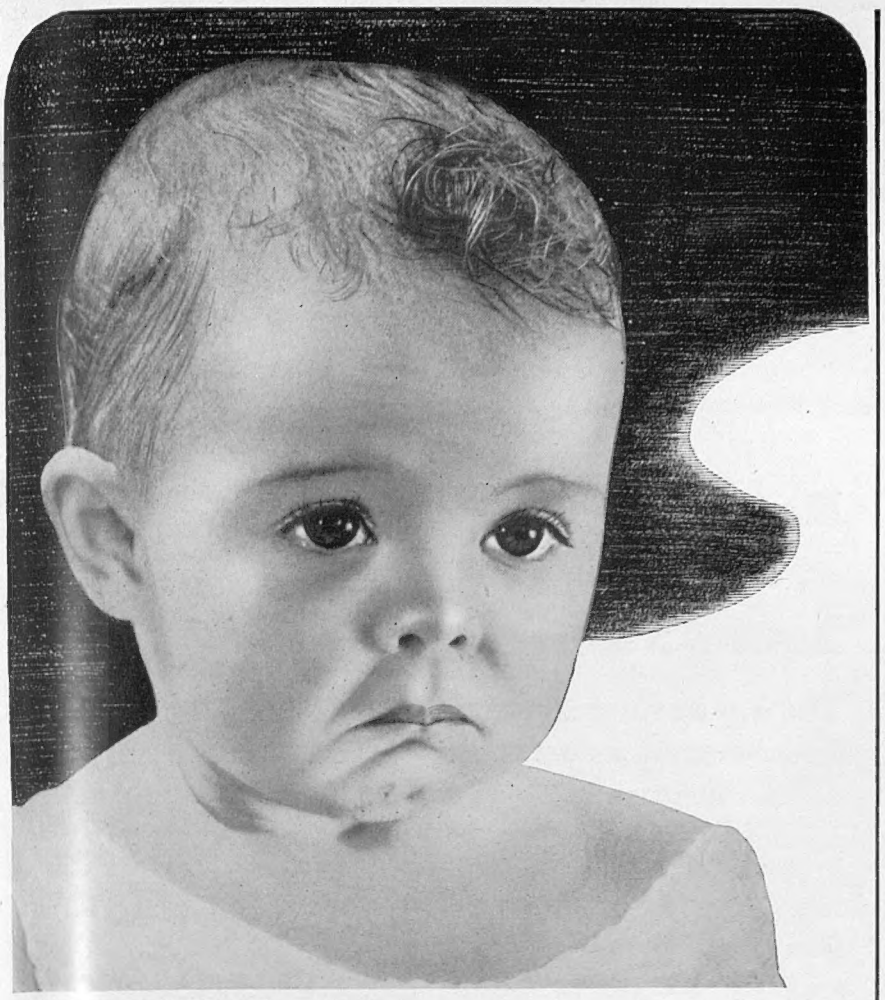
There is plenty of nostalgic and quite excellent descriptive stuff about the old city, but for one reader at least nothing quite lingers in the memory so well as the description of Phoebe Moorhouse's first train journey.

Phoebe was orphaned at the age of ten and went to live in Glasgow with her half-brother and his wife. The Moorhouse family used the occasion to indulge in some mild bickerings, but on the whole Arthur, and Bel, hi wife, were no more unkind, and treated her no more insensitively than others of their class might have been expected to do in that age.

Enter the Glasgow slums in all their terrifying, hideous, and grimy grimness. The complacent Glaswegians tolerated this awful atrocity, but were also afraid. They were plague-spots of crime; and abduction and kidnapping were some of the mildest of those crimes. By an act of heroism at a tender age the child rescues her half-brother's infant son from a horrible fate

The episode leaves its mark upon her and shatte the Victorian smugness of the family. In this aura revered respectability she grows up and falls in lo with a rich young man, whom the family find higl undesirable. She takes the same courage and tenac into the struggle with them on his suitability, and sub quently marries him, although he commits what, in th days, was the unforgivable crime of losing all his mon

In spite of the forced melodrama and of the overlayi atmosphere, Mr. McCrone succeeds in compelling inte in this family chronicle.



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Executor: Precisely. We must find an investment that is safe and profitable. You say you have the full quota of Savings Certificates?

Mrs. D: Very nearly, and the boys have been saving too—we make an effort to put something into Savings Certificates every week. But I want this legacy kept separate.

Executor: Well, my advice to you is to put it into Defence Bonds as you have not yet bought any. They are, in my opinion, ideal for a case such as yours. You see, they do not fluctuate in value. If you invest £100, you can always get £100 back so that the legacy cannot depreciate.

Mrs. D: I thought of that. And the rate of interest is good, too, isn't it?

Executor: Three per cent is excellent for an investment as safe as this. Also—this is worth considering in your position—the interest is paid out to you automatically every six months.

Mrs. D: Very well, I'll put the money in Defence Bonds. Will you see to it?

Executor: With pleasure. I will ring up my stockbroker and arrange it. I think you are doing a very wise thing—a very profitable thing. And if you can afford to leave the money untouched for seven years, you will get a bonus of £1 on every £100 invested. That will make a very useful addition.

★ **Save regularly week by week.** *Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into Defence Bonds or National War Bonds; or buy Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks. Join a Savings Group and make others join with you.*

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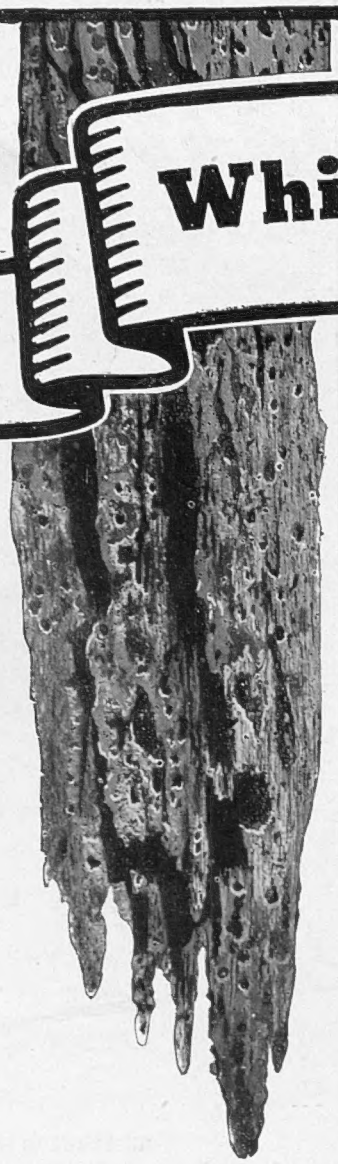

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

HOTEL seekers have their war-time problems, and whilst I always welcome correspondence it may simplify and ease my post if this week I deal with oft-recurring questions.

QUESTION: "Can you help me to find an hotel in a safe area?" No area is entirely safe, but there is a much higher degree of comparative safety in almost all country districts than is generally supposed. For obvious reasons I am not going to oblige the enemy by telling him how often he has completely missed his target by dropping bombs in the most unlikely spots, but I am convinced from the experience gained in travelling around that safety lies in district and not in distance.

QUESTION: "I cannot afford the prices hotels are asking. Where can I get comfortable quarters at 3 guineas a week or even less?"

The difficulty in answering this type of inquiry is that people who want to pay the least often expect the most, but to all reasonable people I would reply, "You must look beyond popular places where everyone else is flocking and seek out spots farther afield and consequently lesser known. After all, what is distance when one is contemplating more or less permanent residence? There are plenty of attractive spots off the beaten track, and provided one can adjust one's standard of living, life can be enjoyed free from war-time terrors.

As an example of what can be obtained economically if one looks around I quote from a letter I have received from Mr. Vernon Peake of Whitesand Bay Hotel, Sennen Cove, almost at Land's End: "It was suggested to us that there must be many people from danger areas who wanted a really quiet spot for the winter who could not afford hotel rates, but would prefer the comforts of a good hotel rather than rooms if they could be sure of a really low rate, and be content with the simplest menus and service. We are therefore offering terms of 35s., 40s. or 45s. weekly for longish stays, it being understood that the menus are very homely and simple, that the attendance and service is limited, and people must be prepared to look after their own rooms."

I quote this letter because there must be a number of people who are prepared to fend for themselves to some degree and in fact might be glad to have something to do.

Though hotel keepers would not make any profit out of such an arrangement I should be glad to hear from any others. I can, of course, recommend the Whitesand Bay Hotel and though it can blow at Land's End itself, there are plenty of quite summer-like days in winter, whilst Sennen Cove and the hotel lie snugly protected from the east.

Before leaving this question of inexpensiveness there is many a small inn where one can feel rich on homely fare and simple surroundings, and as examples I cite the Old Inn, Widecombe-in-the-Moor, on Dartmoor, the Royal Oak at Withypool on Exmoor, and a small inn I have yet to visit, though I can trust my informant, the Blackbird, near Buckland, on the Taunton–Wellington road.

QUESTION: "Can you tell us of a place we can go to for occasional week-ends?" In peace days and especially in winter such a query would present no difficulties, but in war days the problem seems insurmountable because the smallest places are full with permanents the whole week.

The only solution which I commend to the notice of both hotel keepers and hotel seekers is that the former should find sleeping accommodation out enabling week-enders to get their much-needed rest and yet by day enjoy the amenities of the hotel.

In most villages the rector, the schoolmaster and the like are only too glad to work in with the local hotel in this way. In fact, a friend of mine spent a very comfortable two nights some 30 miles out of London recently in the tender care of the local undertaker—and he was still alive the next morning!

QUESTION: "Can you help us about finding suitable accommodation for Christmas?" The same problem arises here as in the question above. Hotels are not only full but cannot book ahead for any short period without running the risk of losing some more permanent let. The solution is probably the same as in the previous one, sleep out and feed in. Usually at this time of the year hotels deluge me with their Christmas literature, but this year I have not seen or heard of a single programme.

QUESTION: "Are hotels profiteering? We cannot get the same amount of food as in peace-time, but hotel prices are not lower but are mostly higher." Hotels are carrying on under great difficulties. The cost of food, fuel, furnishings, in fact, everything which comes under the heading of overheads has gone up in all proportion to the hotel tariff. Hotel-keeping, with few exceptions, is, in these difficult days, by no means a road paved with gold, especially when there are so many hotel residents who fail to recognise the difficulties of war time conditions.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

V. N., Epsom.—I am sorry, but Lupton Hotel, Churston Ferrers, which I wrote about quite recently, has been taken over. The same remarks apply to the Imperial Hotel, Llandudno.

J. L., Hove.—I have already solved your problem for you; Rosevine, Portscatho, Cornwall, is the spot for which you are looking. Situated on the English Riviera, it provides you with sun, warmth, immunity from war's alarms, and comfort of every kind. As you are going by rail you go to Truro on the Paddington–Penzance line, and trains are met by appointment. There is also a local bus service from Truro to Portscatho when you want to go shopping.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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